

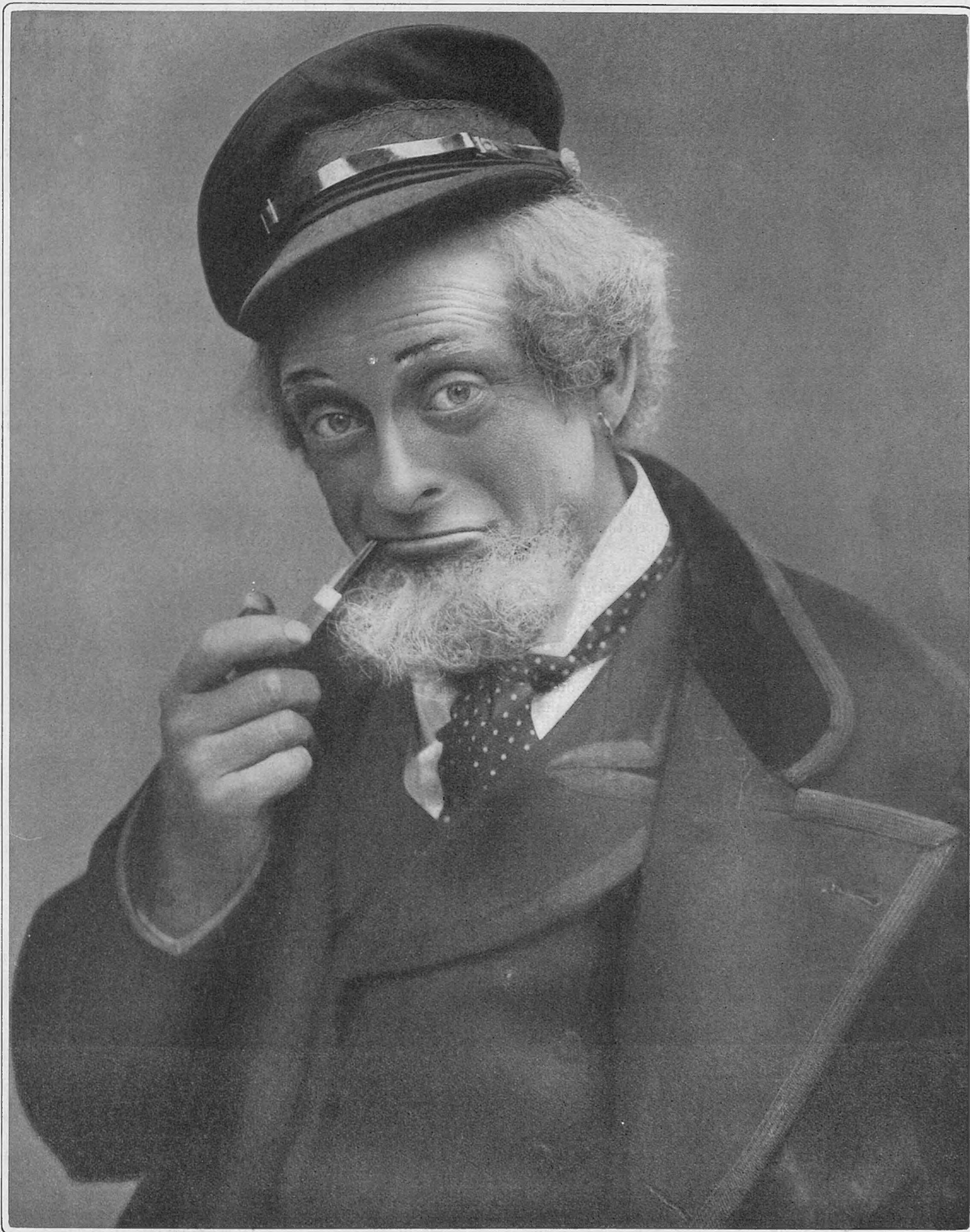
# The Sketch



No. 608.—VOL. XLVII.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1904.

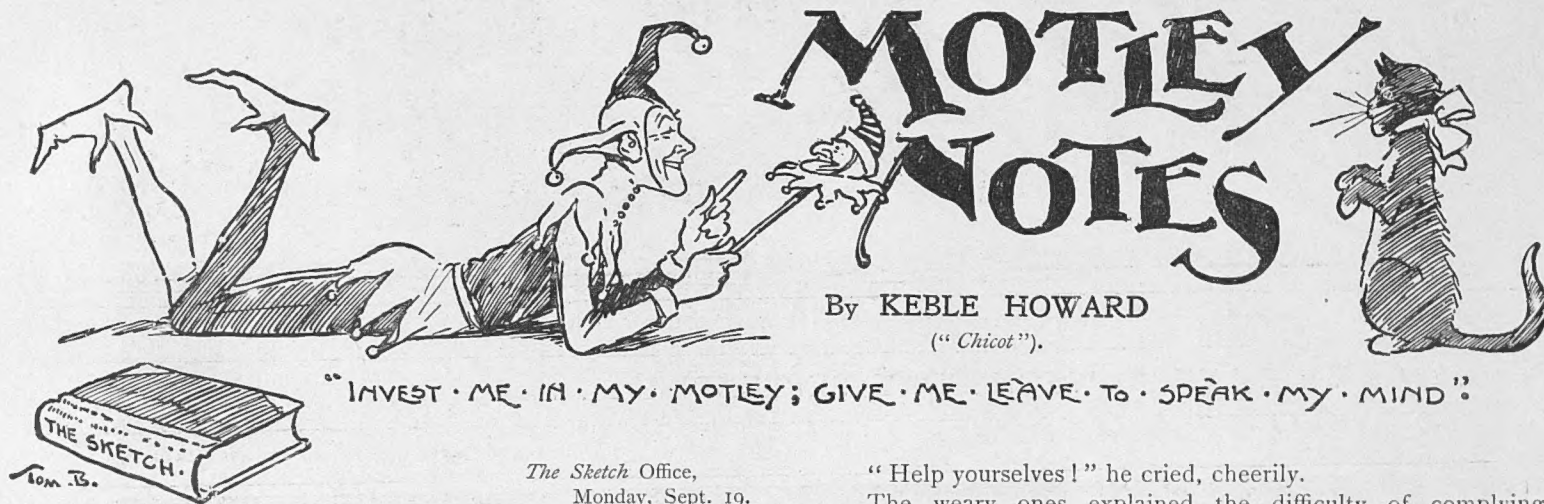
SIXPENCE.



MR. CYRIL MAUDE AS CAPTAIN BARLEY IN "BEAUTY AND THE BARGE,"

AT THE NEW THEATRE. (SEE ALSO OUR SPECIAL SUPPLEMENT.)

*Photograph by the Biograph Studio, Regent Street, W.*



The Sketch Office,  
Monday, Sept. 19.

REALISM, quotha! Just wait until you have heard my experience of Mr. Tree's shipwreck. On the evening of Tuesday last, from information received, I dropped in at His Majesty's Theatre to see how the good folk there were getting along with the dress-rehearsal of "The Tempest." The time, when I reached the theatre, was about a quarter to seven, and, as the rehearsal had been called for five o'clock, I supposed that the first Act, at any rate, would be over. As it happened, the curtain was just going up on the opening scene. Plumping myself down in a stall, therefore, I watched the much-talked-of shipwreck. Ye gods, what a pitching and a tossing was there! Again and again it seemed as though the gallant vessel could never right herself; again and again a bucketful of water, flung by an unseen hand, drenched some devoted super to the skin. Now, I ought to tell you that I am an exceedingly bad sailor. The mere sight of children swinging upsets me, and the Isle of Wight is almost forbidden country. Judge, then, of my distress on witnessing Mr. Tree's shipwreck! Imagine me hurrying from the theatre directly the lights went up! Picture my evening of discomfort and my night of misery! These words, mind you, are not set down in any spirit of flippancy. If you doubt me, ask the doctor who was summoned to my bedside the following morning. Ask the good friends who missed me at the first performance of the comedy that same night.

Any reader of the foregoing paragraph who is lucky enough to be possessed of the mind mathematical will have noticed that the dress-rehearsal of "The Tempest" began one hour and three-quarters after the time arranged. Very well, then. It is perfectly true that a manager of a theatre is at liberty to suit his own convenience as to the time at which he begins his dress-rehearsal, yet it is also true that no theatrical manager has the right to invite representatives of the Press to attend his dress-rehearsal and then keep them waiting an hour and three-quarters before he begins. To the artists who are there to sketch, to the lady journalists who are there to describe the dresses, to the dramatic critics who are there to consider the play more calmly, more judiciously than would be possible on the following night, time means money, and it is distinctly unfair to waste their money by calling the rehearsal a couple of hours too soon. It is all very well to say that they can go out and return later; if they do that, they run the risk of missing some important scene or some important dress, and neither the manager of the theatre nor the editor of the paper they represent would bless them for that. In Mr. Tree's case, no doubt, the delay was unavoidable, but no excuse can be made for the actor-manager who recently called his dress-rehearsal for six o'clock, dined comfortably at seven, and eventually rang up on the first Act at nine. The unfortunate Press folk did not dine.

This dress-rehearsal grievance is as old as daily journalism, but I cannot think that the matter has been really threshed out between the Press, on the one side, and the theatrical managers on the other. Allow me, therefore, to enforce my remarks by recounting a perfectly true story. A certain dress-rehearsal of a very famous West-End drama had been called for one o'clock. Towards seven o'clock the first Act was just over. Several artists and journalists, as the curtain fell, rose from their seats and proceeded to hurry out of the theatre in search of dinner. The actor-manager, observing the general move and fearful lest they should not return, addressed the hungry ones from the stage.

"Gentlemen," said he, "if you will do me the honour to go up to my dressing-room, you will there find everything that you require."

The artists and journalists, taking him at his word, went up to the dressing-room. Unfortunately, they found there nothing that they required. To them, disgusted and jaded, entered the actor-manager.

"Help yourselves!" he cried, cheerily.

The weary ones explained the difficulty of complying with the request.

"Bless my soul!" cried the manager, and he summoned a small boy. "Boy," said he, magnificently, "go the nearest hostelry, and procure whisky, sandwiches, and cigarettes. Pardon me, gentlemen, if, in the meantime, I make the necessary alterations in my costume."

Presently the boy returned. "If you please, sir," said he, "they wouldn't let me 'ave nothink without the money."

"Well, well," retorted the manager, "why didn't you leave the money?"

"If you please, sir, I 'adn't got none."

"Upon my word," exclaimed the manager, ruefully, "neither have I!"

And, just at that moment, the ringing of a bell signified that the curtain was going up on the second Act.

The second Act was over at eleven o'clock. Again the manager came forward.

"Gentlemen," said he, in the tone of one exultant, "if you will now do me the honour to ascend to my dressing-room, you will there find—ahem!—what wasn't there before."

But the artists and the journalists, though they had not bitten the first time, were shy the second. To a man, they went out and sought the nearest restaurant.

My morning paper, if "The Man in the Train" will permit me to make use of the expression, has been carrying on an interesting discussion under the title of "A School for Wives." Several "unwilling bachelors" have written to declare that they would gladly marry any nice girl who could prove herself capable of cooking a potato and sewing on a button. Several "unwilling spinsters," on the other hand, have also written to declare that they would gladly learn to cook a potato and sew on a button if the knowledge would enable them to procure husbands. The solution of the problem, therefore, seems to lie in the establishment of a school for wives, and yet I should feel easier in my mind if some responsible person would assure me that the curriculum would include less material studies in addition to sewing and cooking. It would be gratifying to learn, for example, that the certificate of qualification guaranteed a sweet temper, the habit of obedience, a spirit of meekness, love of children, unfailing sympathy, distaste for elementary music, a hearty contempt for trashy literature. Eradication of the argumentative instinct, I suppose, would be an extra.

If you are anxious to spend a thoroughly depressing day, you could not do better than read Anthony Hope's new novel, "Double Harness." The author begins by introducing us to three married couples and one engaged couple. All the married couples are unhappy for some reason or another; if the wife is not unfaithful, the husband is in money difficulties. Failing either of these catastrophes, the eldest son embezzles money and is compelled to leave the country. The prospects of the engaged couple, however, look uncommonly bright. The man has plenty of money, the girl loves him to distraction, and they are both clean-living, honest, affectionate, healthy young people. Before the birth of the first child, though, the wife has discovered that her husband's temperament is too cold: result, more trouble. I have never, I think, read a novel so utterly sordid, cynical, and pessimistic. That it is brilliantly written goes without saying, and every admirer of Anthony Hope's work will find, as he will expect to find, clever studies of character together with intensely dramatic scenes. But the picture, as a whole, is inartistic. Even married life, one imagines, cannot be all shade, and it is unworthy of Anthony Hope's art to omit the lights for the sake of producing a mere sensational effect. By the way, I ought to add that, at the moment of writing, I have read only three hundred pages.

REVIVAL OF "THE TEMPEST" AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

(SEE "THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS," PAGE 358.)



SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER.

## THE CLUBMAN.

*The Rehabilitation of Kuropatkin—Manœuvres English, French, and German.*

THE sudden *volle-face* of criticism of General Kuropatkin is rather amusing. The breakfast-table critics took it for granted for so many weeks that he was going to gather his army into a ball at one or another of the towns on the road to Mukden and allow the Japanese to surround him that now, when he has done what a General of his experience was morally certain to do and has extricated his army and dealt a buffet to the army which tried to get astraddle on his lines of communication, he is lauded to the skies as a genius, and his opponents are written down as very ordinary Generals because their enemy met strategy with strategy and pushed his way out of a dangerous position with very little loss of material.

Kuropatkin has been fighting all his life. There is no General in Europe to-day who has had so much practical experience of war and is, therefore, so qualified to seize opportunities as they present themselves. The Japanese have fought in one great war, against Chinese armed with modern weapons, and their Generals have gained most of

presents extraordinary difficulties, and the little matter that the barges had lain for a quarter of a century on the mud is not insisted on.

The French in their great Manœuvres which have just terminated have reproduced in experiment a similar position to that in which their allies were placed in Manchuria and have endeavoured to solve the questions as to the best methods of resistance which an army in retreat can show to a more powerful army in close pursuit. Special attention is now being paid to the lightening of the load which the French infantryman carries. The great pile of dead-weight with which on his back the fantassin went into action in the days of the Franco-Prussian War has been gradually reduced, and in the immediate future the French soldier will only carry a change of linen, an intrenching tool, and emergency rations, all the rest of his effects being packed in the Company's carts.

Since I am on the subject of Manœuvres, I will note that the Germans in their great Manœuvres have astonished their foreign critics this year by reverting to formations which were in vogue before the "année terrible." The attacking army has rushed at the defenders in thick lines, the men being almost shoulder to shoulder. The Boer War convinced most critics that men attacking should scarcely be within speaking distance of each other; but the Germans apparently



CREW OF THE "URAL" ALONGSIDE THE "GOORKHA."



THE OFFICER OF THE "URAL" ON BOARD THE "GOORKHA."

RUSSIA'S INTERFERENCE WITH BRITISH SHIPS: S.S. "GOORKHA" HELD UP OFF CAPE ST. VINCENT BY THE RUSSIAN VOLUNTEER SHIP "URAL."

their knowledge by reading and by the experience of Manœuvres; therefore they are not likely to be so assured or so quick as Kuropatkin is in forming his plans. On the other hand, the Japanese have shown themselves, man for man, better soldiers than the Russians, and have succeeded in turning the most stolid soldiery in the world out of fortified positions by direct attack—an almost impossible feat.

The manner in which the Japanese are dealing with the railway as they advance is ingenious. The gauge of the Japanese railways is smaller than that of the Russian ones, and, as the forward movement continues, the Japanese alter the width of the rails, sawing down the sleepers to a shorter length, which will make them useless to the Russians if they retake any of the lost ground. This matter of the difference of gauge of railway in different countries is one of the difficulties which has to be dealt with in all great campaigns. In Europe the axles of the railway waggons for troops, horses, and stores are in some cases made to take the wheels at two different widths. Russian waggons can thus travel on German lines, and German waggons on the Russian ones.

Perhaps the quaintest piece of unreality in the make-believe campaign on the Essex coast was that two of the cavalry regiments of the invaders from overseas had to march back by road because their embarkation would have delayed the transports over the time for which they were chartered. The Manœuvres are held in high military circles to have been satisfactory, for they proved how difficult it is to effect a landing on an open coast, even in fine weather and with no opposition to overcome. The barges which bumped themselves to pieces on the Clacton beach are supposed to have given an object-lesson to the Foreign Attachés that an invasion of England still

have come to the conclusion that a position can only be won by taking masses of men as rapidly as possible over the fire-swept zone and hoping that enough of them will survive to attack with the bayonet.

## HOLDING UP THE "GOORKHA."

Though it is now reported that the Russian Government has made an important concession in the matter of contraband, and it is understood that food will only be classed as such when it is shipped as Government stores intended for naval or military use, there yet remain many contentious points and the stoppage of British vessels off the coast of Portugal and elsewhere is causing a good deal of irritation. Last month the British India Company's steamer *Goorkha*, bound for India, was held up off Cape St. Vincent by the Russian Volunteer cruiser *Ural*, which fired two blank shots as a signal to bring to. Shortly after, a boat containing two officers and some score or so seamen, armed with rifles and revolvers, came alongside the *Goorkha*. The two officers and a signaller stepped on board, and while one of the former went over the ship's papers with the Captain, the other "walked up and down the deck as if he were monarch of all he surveyed," as the gentleman who snapshotted him puts it. However, stern as the Russian might be, he was human enough to wish to make a good picture, and each time our correspondent's camera pointed in his direction he struck an imposing attitude. Nothing in the nature of contraband being discovered, after a detention of some three hours the *Goorkha* was allowed to proceed; but, though the behaviour of the Russians was dignified and courteous, the Captain of the ship and his passengers not unnaturally felt some annoyance at the uncalled for interference with a British vessel bound for India.

"MERELY MARY ANN," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S:

THE STORY OF THE COMEDY IN A NUTSHELL.



Lancelot (Mr. Henry Ainley). Mary Ann (Miss Eleanor Robson).

*Act I.—The friendship between the lodging-house "slavey" and the poor composer begins. Mary Ann, very humbly, asks Lancelot if she may hang her canary's cage in his room, where there is more light and air.*



Peter (Mr. Gerald du Maurier).

*Act II.—The friendship discovered. Peter, Lancelot's friend, is amazed to find Mary Ann putting on gloves (before waiting on Lancelot) in order to hide her red hands.*



*Act III.—The friendship ends—for the present. Mary Ann, having come into a fortune, is about to leave the lodging-house. As a last favour she asks Lancelot to sing her, "Kiss me good-night, dear love." N.B.—In the fourth Act, they meet again and marry.*

FROM FLASHLIGHT PHOTOGRAPHS BY F. W. BURFORD, GREAT RUSSELL STREET.

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and the summer slips away. If you want to know all about  
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you at a glance all you want to know. It is issued to his clients  
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*WATERLOO	"	11 38	(Changing at Tonbridge)		
*LONDON BRIDGE	"	12 7	HASTINGS	"	9 10
*LONDON BRIDGE	"	11 43	DEAL	"	11 43
*NEW CROSS	"	11 51	MARGATE SANDS	"	10 57
	"	8 29	RAMSGATE TOWN	"	12 5
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RED HILL	"	1 5	DOVER TOWN	"	12 54
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## THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS SEPTEMBER 24.

THE KING AT THE BRAEMAR GATHERING.

SPECIAL WAR PHOTOGRAPHS  
AND DRAWINGS.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE FORBIDDEN CITY.

The Servian Coronation.

"THE TEMPEST," AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

## THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS SEPTEMBER 24.

OFFICE: 198, STRAND, W.C.



## SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

THE KING is expected to stay in Scotland some few weeks, and during his sojourn North of the Tweed His Majesty will pay several visits and also entertain certain of his friends at Balmoral. The famous Royal Castle on the banks of the Dee has been greatly improved and altered in the last three years. A number of apartments have been added to the existing buildings, and certain rooms which were inconveniently small have now

gun-cases or bicycles. Several golf-courses in the North have been brought to a state of perfection in recent years. At Cruden Bay, where the Great North Railway has a palatial hotel, many well-known professional men from London—barristers and doctors, as well as engineers—have recently been seen on the links, and even a popular Welsh Member of Parliament has been golfing at Lossiemouth, which was formerly little more than a fishing hamlet, but which has now two large hotels, besides a great number of imposing villas. Then there are the golf-courses of Dornoch and Nairn, both very fine and popular, and Tain also is making a bid for success as a resort for those devoted to the fashionable game.

### *The King at Glen Quoich.*

Both Lord and Lady Burton, whom the King is honouring with a visit at Glen Quoich, a glorious deer-forest in Inverness-shire, are clever, original people. Queen Victoria showed them marked favour, and his present Majesty, it will be remembered, gave offence to the temperance fanatics by starting a new "brew" at the great brewery at Burton-on-Trent

been thrown together. It is significant as showing our Sovereign's interest in the "antient and royal game" that the golf-course situated in the Balmoral demesne near the Dee has been enlarged from nine holes to eighteen.

### *Some Highland Gatherings.*

The Braemar Gathering, though honoured by the presence of the King and of many Royal personages, is by no means the most important of Highland festivals. Scottish folk attach far greater importance to that which is being held this week at Inverness. This great Gathering sees the clans in their might, and the games are well worth going a long way to witness, while the show of tartans delights those who love bright colours and the upkeep of good old customs. The Meeting of the Highland Society, to give the Gathering its official designation, takes place in a fine park, and the festivities wind up each evening with a magnificent ball, attended by all the Highland chiefs and their families. No Court Ball presents a more splendid and brilliant sight, for all the men present are clad in full-dress tartan Highland costume, and the ladies also wear, when they are entitled to do so, a distinctive badge or colour.

### *At Oban and Aboyne.*

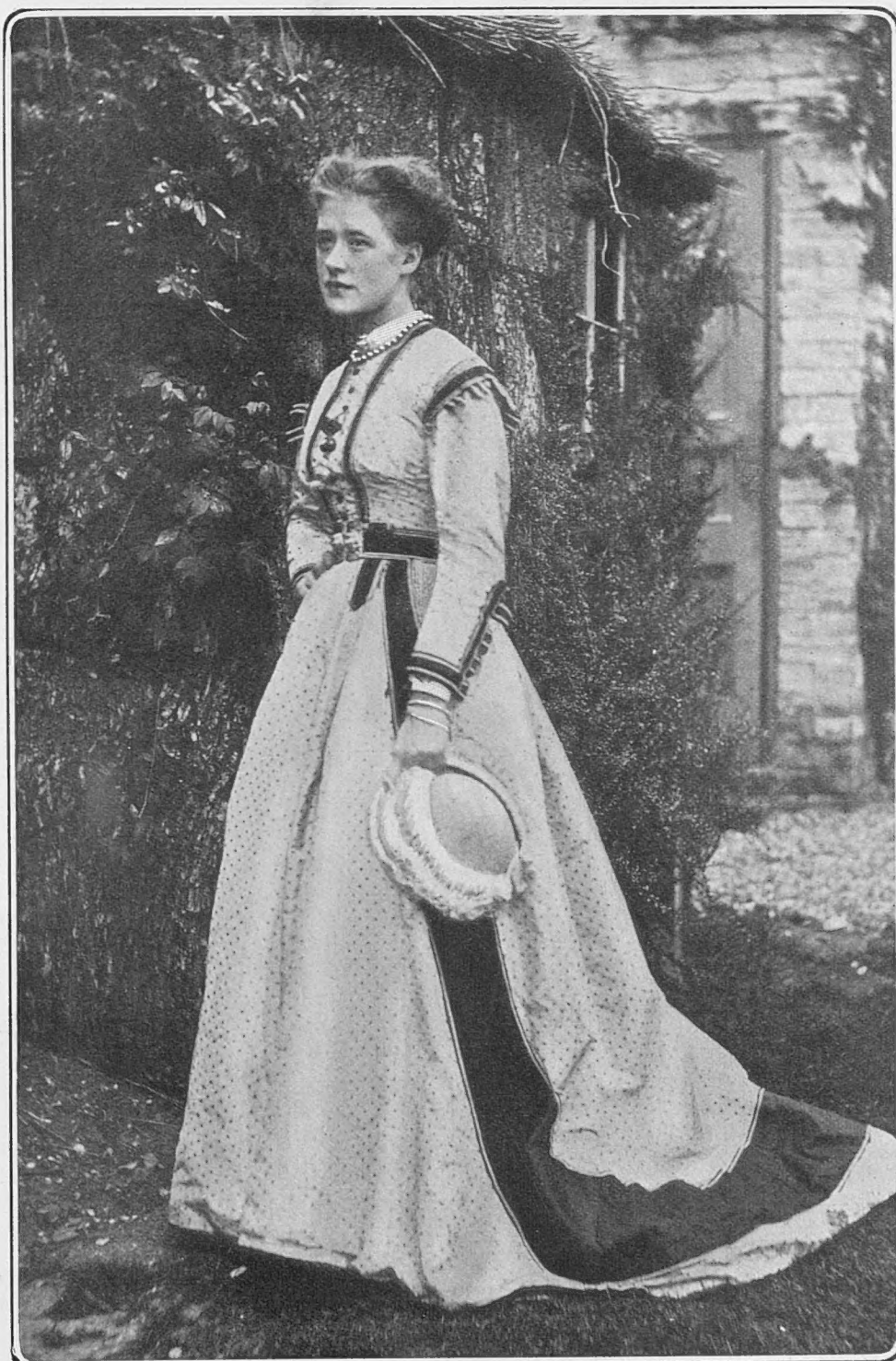
The Campbells' Gathering takes place in the pretty little seaside town of Oban, in the heart of the Duke of Argyll's country, and various members of the ducal family take a keen practical interest in the Argyllshire Gathering. Lord Archibald Campbell, an enthusiastic Celt, gives a concert of which each item is a song or piece written in old Gaelic, and the Duke's pretty niece, Miss Elspeth Campbell, plays the bagpipes. Many people attend the games held at Aboyne, the country of the "Gay Gordons," and yet another important Scottish Gathering is that held at Blair Atholl.

### *Inverness Station.*

A greater number of Society people may be met in Inverness Station at this season than in any other place in the kingdom. Some well-known faces are seen in every train to and from the South. There are platforms of enormous length in Inverness Station, but they are not too long in the early autumn. Trains on the Highland Railway may never be quite punctual at the busy season, seeing that it consists chiefly of single lines, but travelling has been improved in recent years. The speed has been quickened and the carriages improved, and there is more regularity in the working.

### *Holiday Golf in Scotland.*

On the lines of the Great North of Scotland and Highland Railways at this season tourists and sportsmen are accompanied by their golf-clubs. These are more common even than



[Photograph by Mr. Ravenhill Stock.]

MISS ELLEN TERRY IN 1866.

when he visited Lord and Lady Burton at Rangemore in 1902. Lord Burton is justly proud of the brewery, and he brought up his only child, now Mrs. Baillie of Dochfour, who will one day succeed to her father's Peerage under a special remainder, to be similarly free



LADY BURTON, THE KING'S HOSTESS AT  
GLEN QUOICH.

*Photograph by Keene, Burton-on-Trent.*

from any false shame about the origin of the family fortunes. This future Peeress is very clever and charming. She is a great dog-fancier and has done all in her power to promote the kind and sensible treatment of dumb animals at shows. Mr. Baillie of Dochfour is a great Scottish Laird. His mother was an intimate friend of Queen Victoria, and his sister one of the late Sovereign's favourite Maids-of-Honour.

Lord Burton is a munificent art-patron, and Chesterfield House, Mayfair, which he bought in 1884, is a veritable treasury of rare and beautiful things, both ancient and modern. There is, of course, the famous white marble staircase, one of the loveliest in the world, and much of the hangings and furniture is actually as it was when the famous Lord Chesterfield built the house,

#### *Royalty at Abergeldie and Birkhall.*

then lonely in the midst of fields and waste land. Lord Burton bought largely but with judgment at the great Hamilton sale. He has truly priceless china, as well as Romneys, Gainsboroughs, Sir Joshuas, Raeburns, and so on. Here, too, is the identical ante-chamber where Dr. Johnson was kept waiting by Lord Chesterfield. Lord Burton keeps his large collection of modern pictures at Rangemore.

The Prince and Princess of Wales are enjoying a very quiet Scottish holiday at Abergeldie, in some ways the most romantic of Royal residences on Deeside. The estate is held by the King on a long lease from Mr. H. M. Gordon, who is the fortunate owner of this Castle, said to be the most perfect example of the old Scottish baronial style in the Highlands. Abergeldie was at one time the Scottish home of the Duchess of Kent; later it was often lent by the late Queen to the Empress Eugénie. The rooms have been left as they have always been by the Princess of Wales, and have many interesting portraits of the Gordon family in the principal living-rooms. Birkhall, where the Duke and Duchess of Connaught have just arrived, was the first Scotch home of the present Sovereign and his Consort. It is a quaint old mansion in Glen Muick, and was, earlier in the season, lent by His Majesty to Sir Dighton Probyn.

Queen Alexandra is spending a portion of this week at the famous Castle of Ludwigslust, near Hamburg, where the newly-wedded Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin are entertaining a great Royal party of near relatives. The youthful hostess, who is Her Majesty's namesake and niece, is mistress, at Ludwigslust, of one of the most magnificent of German Schlosses,

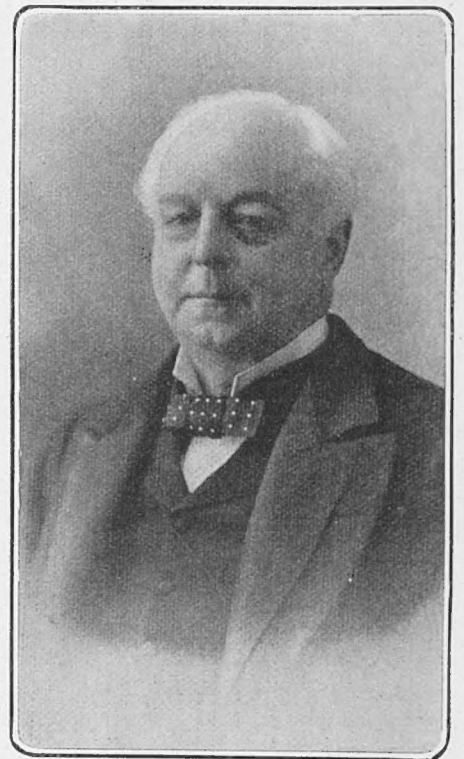
and that containing a unique gathering of Dutch paintings. Next Saturday (24th) the whole Royal party, including our Queen and the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, will go to Denmark, where they will be entertained by the Sovereign at Fredensborg.

#### *A Delightful Mother-in-Law.*

The German Crown Prince will be blessed in his youthful-looking mother-in-law, for the Grand Duchess Anastasia of Mecklenburg-Schwerin is one of the cleverest and most agreeable of Royal Dowagers. Few English people seem to realise that the future German Empress is own niece to the Grand Duke Michael of Russia, who has of late years spent so much time in this country. But so it is, and in the Grand Duchess the Countess Torby has found a devoted sister and friend. The Villa Wenden at Cannes is the favourite home of the Grand Duchess and her children, and so, by a strange irony of fate, the youthful Princess who will soon be the bride of the German Crown Prince has spent much of her young life on French soil. It will be interesting to see if the Imperial couple will break the unwritten law which has since 1871 banished the German Emperors and their heirs from France.

*Relics at Windsor.* A large section of the British public both at home and abroad will be interested to learn that in future General Gordon's Bible, so greatly prized by Queen Victoria, is to have its place in the Royal Library at Windsor Castle. The Bible was placed by her late Majesty in the Grand Corridor, and was often pointed out to distinguished visitors. It has numerous marginal notes written by Gordon, and gives many curious glimpses into his mind. This relic of the greatest of Victorian heroes will now be close to Nelson's letter telling his mother of his glorious victory at Copenhagen.

The piquant personality of Mr. James Lowther will be much missed in the House of Commons. He was a favourite of that whimsical and yet fastidious assembly. It likes a real man, and, whatever may be his opinions, listens to him with respect. Mr. Lowther was not an orator, nor was his old Toryism taken seriously. Yet he had the ear of the House. When he rose from the corner of the front bench below the Ministerial gangway, and, leaning upon the back of the bench, jerked out his short, sharp sentences of criticism and denounced change because it was change, members in all quarters listened, even if they smiled. Mr. Lowther's great Parliamentary experience, his knowledge of the world, perhaps even his familiarity with the Turf, commended him to many members. A chat with him in the Lobby was enjoyed, for, although he held very decided opinions, he was without personal bitterness. For many years he was laughed at as the sole champion of Protection, but he lived to hear his views advocated in unexpected places.



LORD BURTON.

*Photograph by Keene, Burton-on-Trent.*

#### *The Kaiser and the Hereros.*

The Emperor William has himself designed the commemorative plaque which is to be given to the relatives of the officers and men who have fallen fighting against the Hereros in South-West Africa. The design represents St. George on horseback placing a crown of laurel on a pyramid of flags, helmets, breastplates, drums, and trumpets. The inscription is, "In memory of (name and rank of deceased), who died for Emperor and Fatherland. Honour to his memory." To the left of the plaque is a space for the photograph of the soldier, and the whole is enclosed in an ebony frame.

#### *King Patakake.*

A Viennese publisher recently issued a book called "The Great King Patakake," which was also on sale in Berlin. The police read the book, which was pronounced to be a thinly veiled satire on the Kaiser, whose foibles were obviously hit off in the guise of those of King Patakake, and the Law Courts have just heard the case *in camera*. The offending passages were duly considered, and the Judge decided that the book must be withdrawn from circulation and all the copies in Germany destroyed. The result of this wide advertisement of the book is that everyone in Berlin is trying to get a copy of the work smuggled across the Austrian frontier.



THE HON. MRS. BAILLIE (LORD BURTON'S  
ONLY DAUGHTER).

*Photograph by Keene, Burton-on-Trent.*

*Lady Savile.* Lady Savile, who recently entertained the King at Rufford Abbey, has now been for some years the leading Doncaster hostess. She and Lord Savile are both very hospitable, and at Rufford Abbey they are able to indulge their taste for entertaining on a great scale. His Majesty's hostess was, before her first marriage, Miss Gertrude Violet Wedderburn, and her first husband was Mr. Horace Helyar, of Coker Court. Her marriage to the then Mr. Savile-Lumley took place in the 'nineties, and since Lord Savile succeeded his uncle as owner of Rufford Abbey she has become one of the most popular of the great hostesses. Each winter is spent by Lord and Lady Savile at Cannes, where they have a delightful villa and where they often entertain Royal and Imperial visitors. Lady Savile is an enthusiastic gardener, and last year His Majesty planted a mulberry-tree in the Italian Garden which is one of the glories of the place.

*The Last of a Government.* Thirty-four years ago France was ruled by the Government of the National Defence, which consisted of twelve of the best-known members of the Opposition under the Empire. Among them were such famous names as Léon Gambetta, Jules Simon, Jules Favre, Jules Ferry, and General Trochu. Eleven of the twelve are dead now, and most of them are forgotten. The last survivor is Henri Rochefort, who, in his time, has been journalist, convict, member of the Government, and Boulangist. It was owing to his connection with "le brav' Général" that M. Rochefort ran away to England and for some years enjoyed the hospitality of the country which he is never tired of abusing.

*New Sports for the Faded.* Two new sports are offered as sauce for the jaded palate of gilded youth—ratting, and what, for want of a better term, may be dubbed automobile-falconry. The former carries with it the benediction of Sir James Crichton-Browne, who wishes the extermination of the infection-carrying rat, and hopes "to see the sporting instinct of the nation enlisted in the process." That is well enough, but Sir James cites a dangerous possibility when he fears that some misguided enthusiast may take "to breeding and laying them down as we do pheasants." Nor is the suggestion that the modern Pied Piper should eat his bag calculated to help matters. On the whole, the second pastime seems more likely to attain popularity, and we may yet see "merry troops of motor-cars, whose tenants carry hooded falcons on their wrists," hunting the highways and byways of England as they are now "petrolling" the roads of Normandy.

*A Miniature Railway Service.* What our forefathers would say could they witness the latest device for "passing the bottle" it is hard to imagine. The miniature electric-train here illustrated is intended for service upon the dining-table. As will be seen from the photograph, the various cars are loaded with

liqueurs and cigars, but the coal in the tender is for show only, as underneath it is concealed the motor which drives the tiny train. The current is derived from the centre rail.

*A Royal Failure.* The sale of the Royal Tapestry Works at Old Windsor, which is to take place shortly, will mark another stage in a Royal enterprise that can only be described as a lamentable failure. The buildings were constructed to enable Prince Leopold, Duke of Albany, to carry out a scheme for the revival of tapestry-work in this country. French craftsmen were imported, appropriate appliances were supplied, and an effort made to teach the art. Despite Queen Victoria's patronage, however, the plan made but slight progress, and the death of its young originator led to its abandonment.

*Premature Preferments.*

So Dr. Cosmo Gordon Lang is not to be Bishop of Southwell, after all, as almost every paper stated shortly after the death of Dr. Ridding. Can it be that the premature announcement accounts for the appointment of the Bishop of Burnley, whose transference was, by the way, also made known unofficially? Early news caused several cancellations in Queen Victoria's time, notably in the cases of the present Archdeacon of Durham, who was nominated to St. Asaph, and of Archbishop Trench, who was named for Gloucester. It is possible, although not altogether probable: the selection of the present Bishop of Liverpool was prematurely paraphrased by an evening contemporary.

*The Bald-headed Club.*

America is usually considered to be the land of eccentric Clubs, but Belgium is trying to equal it. In Brussels a Bald-headed Club has been founded, the entrance to which is very strictly guarded. It is not sufficient to have a bald patch on the top of the head, or very thin hair; a man, to be admitted, must be absolutely and completely bald.

*Dumping the Novelist's Undesirables.*

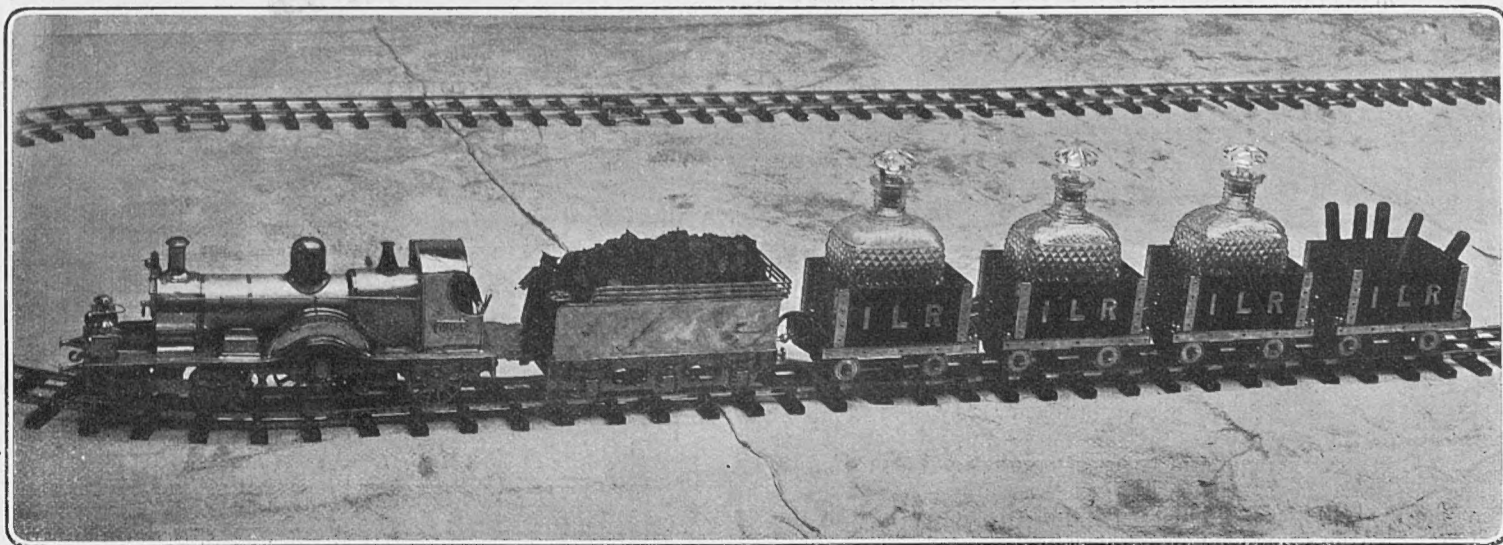
New Zealand has a dumping grievance that even Mr. Chamberlain himself will find difficult to combat or alleviate. That most innocent of beings, the average novelist, is at the bottom of it. It would seem that he is uncommonly fond of sending any villains he has chosen to keep alive to the land of mutton, presumably to seek gold in sheep's-heads, and it is this "insult" the native rebels against. Poor novelist; he must for ever be inventing new countries now or risk a visit from irate colonials armed with writs for libel, if nothing weightier and more material. Why not a combine, and the creation of an imaginary habitat for all imaginary undesirables?

Mr. Edmond Candler, the Special Correspondent of the *Daily Mail* with the Tibet Mission, will publish through Mr. Arnold "On the Road to Lhasa." Mr. Arnold will also give us Sir Horace Rumbold's final "Recollections of a Diplomatist."



LADY SAVILE, WHO RECENTLY ENTERTAINED THE KING AT RUFFORD ABBEY.

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett, Hyde Park Corner.



THE LATEST FAD FOR MILLIONAIRES: AN ELECTRIC RAILWAY-TRAIN ON THE DINNER-TABLE.

*Westminster's Mayor.*

Westminster likes Peer-Mayors. She began with the Duke of Norfolk and now she goes on to Lord Cheylesmore. Though his Peerage is quite modern, his new Worship is of an old family, the Eatons, and the title was taken from an ancient manor, near Coventry, once possessed by



LADY CLARE ANNESLEY, DAUGHTER OF COUNTESS ANNESLEY.

*Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.*

Edward the Black Prince. Known till he succeeded his brother, two years ago, as Major-General the Hon. Herbert Eaton, he was extraordinarily popular both in the Army and in Society generally. Rich, handsome, distinguished in appearance, and, moreover, the husband of a particularly clever and charming American wife, a daughter of the late Mr. F. O. French, of New York, Lord Cheylesmore seems a perfectly ideal Mayor. He is a great numismatist, having written a book on naval and military medals; he is a prominent member of the Four-in-Hand and of many other smart Clubs, and he is a particularly good shot. It will be remembered that he commanded the 2nd Grenadier Guards when that battalion was sent to Bermuda in 1890.

*Tomb of Cyrano de Bergerac.*

When the Dominican Sisters leave their convent in the Rue de Charonne in Paris (writes our Correspondent), an effort will be made to find the tomb and skeleton of Cyrano de Bergerac, for Cyrano de Bergerac, or rather, to give him his full name, Savinien de Cyrano de Bergerac, is undoubtedly buried in the nunnery of the Rue Charonne, although no sign of his tomb exists there. But in the archives of the Congregation the record of his death, in 1655, exists. He was but thirty-five years old, and it is known that his aunt, Catherine de Cyrano, was Prioress of the Dominican Convent of the Filles de la Croix in the Rue Charonne. And, by the way, the records of the convent destroy two legends about Cyrano. He was no Gascon, but, having enrolled himself at nineteen years of age in the corps of Gascon cadets, he out-Gasconed his comrades, and added the patronymic "Bergerac," a Gascon town, to his own name of Cyrano. The other legend is that of his abnormally long nose. An absolutely authentic portrait of Savinien de Cyrano exists, which probably was painted for his aunt the Prioress, and shows that he was rather a good-looking man than otherwise.

*An Eight-hour Day for Kings.*

An amusing story is going the rounds about the little King of Spain. He has been worked to death during his recent tour by enforced receptions of all kinds of deputations. The other morning he was actually called from his bed to receive a deputation of workmen demanding an eight-hour day. He received them and they gave him an idea. That same afternoon he presented a petition in due form to Señor Maura, the Premier, in which he demanded an eight-hour day for himself. As a matter of fact, the young King would not care about an eight-hour day

if it were given him, for he is as great a worker and as energetic as the German Emperor himself. On board his yacht, the *Giraldilla*, he is always accompanied by at least three of his Professors. At present the three with him are his language-masters, M. Merry del Val, the brother of the Cardinal, to teach him English, Herr Bruns, his German master, and M. Georges Legros, for French.

*The New Chartreuse.*

The quarrel between the French Government and the monks of La Chartreuse is likely to create considerably more excitement now that it is to have an influence upon the people of any and of all religions the whole world over. Since the monks left Grenoble the price of Chartreuse has made that liqueur an after-dinner drink for millionaires alone; but M. Combes resolved to make the liqueur himself and sell it on behalf of the French Government. Hearing of this, and hearing also that M. Combes' nominee was using alcohol which the monks of the Chartreuse had left behind them, Père Rey, the Superior, has published in all the papers a statement to the effect that he has done what he liked to the alcohol which was his property, and that he leaves all responsibility for what may occur after the sale of newly manufactured Chartreuse to those who make it. It is a clever and a spiteful move, for nobody will be anxious to experiment.

*"High Jinks" at the Empire.*

The Empire management has presented a second edition of its ballet, with a divertissement, called "Pan and Pierrette," in place of the burlesque of "Faust." Such little thread of story as might have been followed in the first edition now disappears altogether, but the "Pan and Pierrette" is an excellent substitute for the somewhat irreverent treatment of Gounod's work. It is a matter of dancing from first to last. Four pretty girls have some work that is exceedingly dainty and well done, and the dances by Messrs. Farren, Vokes, Rogerson, and Ward are truly humorous and are received with great favour. M. Sundberg as Pan and Mdlle. Zanfretta as a fortune-teller are quite at their best, and the new dresses are very sparkling affairs. But, of course, the triumph of the evening belongs to Mdlle. Genée. She has retained the most difficult of her earlier dances, the wonderful *brisé volé* so seldom seen on the English stage, and she has added others that, while they make fewer claims upon the highly trained dancer, suit her admirably. No movement, simple or elaborate, seems to lack distinction when she essays it, and, performed by her, the true charm of the real Italian dancing becomes apparent to many people for the first time. Without Mdlle. Genée, "Pan and Pierrette" would still be attractive by reason of the skill that has been exercised in every part of the production, but it would lack the distinctive charm that makes it better than any entertainment of its kind that may be seen in London. Great praise is due to Madame Katti Lanner, who produced the new edition at very short notice.



MISS DOROTHY EDWARDES, DAUGHTER OF MR. GEORGE EDWARDES.

*Photograph by Langfieri, Old Bond Street, W.*



REMOVAL OF "THE EARL AND THE GIRL" TO THE LYRIC: MR. HENRY LYTON AND HIS COSY-CORNER GIRLS TAKE A SECOND LEASE OF LIFE.

*Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Wigmore Street, W.*

## MY MORNING PAPER.

By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.

I AM grieved to learn that certain War-Correspondents are coming home quite angry with Japan. They complain that Japanese good manners are a delusion and a snare, and that the wily troublers of Russia will not admit them to proper participation in the secrets of war. This is indeed a bad and sad case, and I am not surprised to see that certain of my morning papers are beginning to wonder whether the Japanese are such fine soldiers, after all. Doubtless, if Japan were more civilised, she would realise that a war of great interest to the world at large ought to be conducted in all its details with the consent and approbation of the Press. At each important meeting of Generals every paper of largest circulation should be represented, and, if the Japanese were worth all the leading articles that have been poured forth in their praise, they would at least pay the Telegraph Companies' charges too. In this way, Japan would earn the praise of the Press, but, with insular blindness, she continues to think of nothing but the successful conduct of her campaign, and cannot realise that indiscriminate telegraphing by men eager to serve their paper at any cost would help her.

In spite of Japan's bad behaviour, I am sorry to see Correspondents coming home, for I have a theory of my own with regard to their usage. In keeping them out of the firing-line and fighting-zone, I think the Japanese authorities had in their mind the possibilities that would follow upon the loss of their own Generals. Of course, the Mikado was bound to give Generals like Oyama, Kuroki, and Oku the first chance in the campaign, but it must be clear to him, if, unlike our Cabinet Ministers, he reads the newspapers, that the Correspondents are the people who understand the arts of war. Even if he didn't know it at first, he will understand now that they are going home. But I think he has known all along, and was keeping the Correspondents to give them command of Divisions in due course. Now, of course, he has lost his chance, and serve him right.

When I read the contents bills of daily papers I am pleased to see that the omnipotence of the "Man in the Street" is realised at last.

The rule in offices where the largest circulation obtains would appear to be, "When in doubt, ask your readers." During the past few weeks I have noted many of these appeals. "Has Port Arthur Fallen?" cried one evening paper a few weeks ago, clearly confused by the collective wisdom of its own Far Eastern Correspondents. "Will Kuropatkin Get Away?" asked another, greatly doubting. "The Stolen Jewels: Where Are They Hidden?" says a third, with naïve distrust of the class of person that supports it. Queries about the next Prime Minister, the possibilities of an autumn Session, and the fate of the Fiscal projects of Mr. Chamberlain arrest us at every turn. If in times like these the "Man in the Street" realises that he is the final Court of Appeal to which all human controversy must come, is it to be wondered at?

Since Colonel Younghusband reached Lassa and has completed his business there satisfactorily, for the time being, I have been studying certain daily papers in search of their apologies and expressions of regret. For they have done all that in them lay to hinder the work of the Mission; they have prophesied disaster to the column and trouble with Russia and a war of the first magnitude in Central Asia. They have abused Lord Curzon and his advisers, and, from the depths of their certain knowledge, have shown that the expedition was doomed to failure from the beginning. And now they are content to record Reuter's accounts of the negotiations and hunt out another stock grievance. Really, if their readers have memories and minds, this form of procedure must be very disastrous.

Sceptics and critics of Opposition newspapers may sneer at our Essex manoeuvres, but that is just because they are shallow folk, incapable of understanding the thoughts that fill the master-minds of Pall Mall. My own study of the operations convinces me that results of the highest importance have been obtained. What could be more important than the discovery of the fine quality of Essex blackberries? In the ordinary course of events, I expect to see orders given to all farmers on the East Coast to develop this blackberry-cultivation to

such a point that the real invader, when he comes, will be faced on all sides by the pleasant fruit. Thirsty and tired, he will be unable to resist the temptation; his officers, after trying vainly to hold him back, will succumb to the attractions of the fruit, and the invading army, its heavy guns under the hedges, out of the sun, will be scattered over the country-side. From the nearest hill, the British General commanding the district will choose the proper moment and swoop down upon the enemy with troops tired of blackberries and thirsting only for glory. This result alone would justify the manoeuvres, but when, in addition to it, we note that Essex has been found to hold some hills, several trees, and quite a number of hedges, it is clear that our Intelligence Department is as strong in peace as in war.

Mr. Bumble is not dead. I read that the City of London Union sent a little seven-year-old boy to the Guildhall in the pouring rain to be tried for the awful offence of wandering in Liverpool Street. The lad was barefooted, and his only clothes were a ragged shirt and an old pair of knickerbockers. Mr. Bumble and his colleagues sent the poor little fellow through the wet because "they could not supply clothes without a magistrate's order." I wonder whether they would be held responsible if the lad had died from the effects of exposure. Happily, Sir George Faudel-Phillips, who was on the Bench, remanded the lad for the attendance of the Union officials, who are not likely to repeat the offence.



[DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.]

"Rats do a great deal of harm and should be exterminated."—SIR J. CRICHTON-BROWNE.

GILLIAT (a chronic sufferer): IF I SEE 'EM AGAIN, THEY'LL KNOW IT.

SOME OF THE COSTUMES IN "THE TEMPEST," AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

REPRODUCED BY SPECIAL PERMISSION FROM THE DESIGNS BY MR. PERCY ANDERSON.



ARIEL (MISS VIOLA TREE).



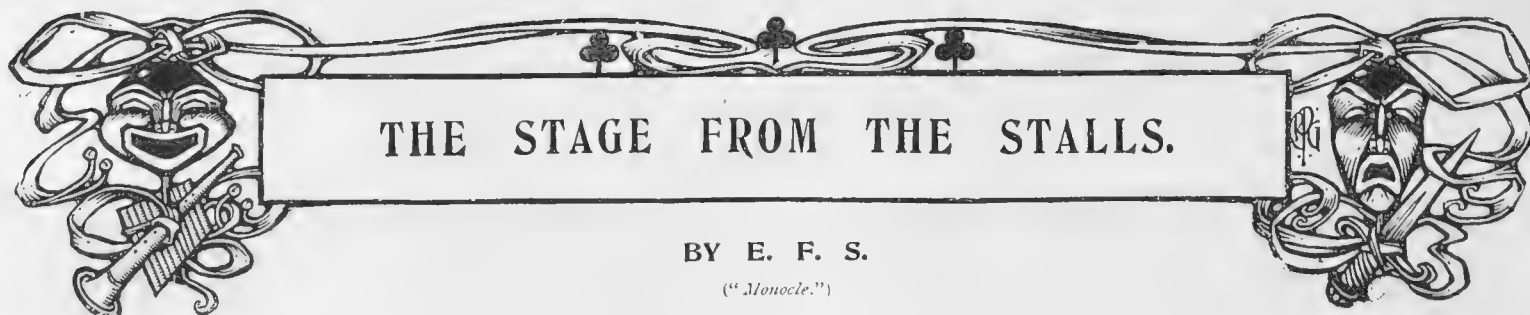
MIRANDA (MISS NORAH KERIN).



FERDINAND (MR. BASIL GILL).



PROSPERO (MR. WILLIAM HAVILAND).



## THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

BY E. F. S.

("Monocle.")

"THE TEMPEST" AND "THE CATCH OF THE SEASON."

IT would be pleasant to follow the lead of most of the Shakspeare commentators and gush lavishly about "The Tempest." I should like to imitate one who wrote, "The other characters, being Shakspeare's, of course, are perfect." Some, however, of the enthusiasts never saw "The Tempest" on the stage, others only beheld it when treated as a musical comedy with "extra numbers" and extra characters by other hands, and imagined that it would act superbly when given in a pure form. The production at His Majesty's is the fourth I have witnessed, and the conclusion from them and it is that the truest respect is shown to the author by confining the play to the library. The peculiar qualities that distinguish it from less famous fairy pieces do not get across the footlights, and it may fairly be said that Mr. Beerbohm Tree and those who have aided him show a better title to the applause than the author, though, to be frank, the dramatist may fairly complain that full justice was not done to the music of his verse. Probably he would urge that he never had a chance, and that if the whole work had been played the result would have been quite different. Probably it would. Certainly the cuts were lavishly made, yet it may be that Mr. Tree stands somewhat between the two courses of giving too much and too little Shakspeare. Nevertheless, whilst exception may be taken to individual omissions, the treatment has been judicious in general.

The outcome is a charming entertainment that may somewhat shock the serious student, yet will please the everyday people who enjoy lovely scenery, agreeable music, pleasant intervals for gossip, and have a dread of long scenes. We had delightful snacks of Shakspeare, with enjoyable interludes and a charming little ballet, to say nothing of the superb shipwreck, which received an encore—and took it. The ballet of nymphs and reapers is charmingly contrived and deliciously moral. I do hope Mr. Stead will see it, and no others, for then he will quite disbelieve what he may have read about the naughtiness of ballets. It may be wrong to write lightly of the production, but it would be untrue to pretend that the affair has any human dramatic interest. There is none in the play, and, of course, none could be put into it in a fashion deemed permissible nowadays, when the only adaptation of Shakspeare tolerated is modification with a blue pencil of immense energy. Really, it is very pretty throughout, and never dull, which is more than can be said of many Shaksperian revivals; in fact, exactly at the moment when any scene threatens to become tedious the curtain falls, and one listens to the charming music of Arthur Sullivan and Edward German and Raymond Roze.

It would be difficult to imagine a play that offers less hopeful tasks to the players. Miss Viola Tree, as Ariel, did her spiriting charmingly. She was the embodiment of active youth and merriment, save when she cowered in terror during Prospero's artlessly introduced story of her past sufferings. She sang prettily, danced daintily, and tripped about lightly. Why she whistled instead of giving us the tabor music I do not know; and I think some one of the many talented actresses now "resting" might have had the part of Ceres, which she "doubled." Mr. Tree was a decidedly genteel Caliban, within limits. The part has been played as if the monster were an ape, and with hideous noises and uncouth gymnastics; but the new Caliban has a rather pathetic tone—one is inclined to take his side against the pompous Prospero. The performance was decidedly clever and nicely restrained, and there were ingenious little strokes of humour. I should not like to be an author of to-day who presented the comicalities of Stephano and Trinculo in a play at a West-End theatre. He would get badly mauled for the drunken buffooneries. These were represented skilfully and with praiseworthy moderation by Mr. Louis Calvert and Mr. Lionel Brough. As for Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, and Gonzalo, presented by Messrs. Cookson, L'Estrange, Lyn Harding, and Fisher White, a very able group, there is little to be said: they seemed little more than shadows. Prospero was excellently played by Mr. Haviland, a little too generous, however, in eyebrow movements. There remain

Ferdinand and Miranda, an agreeable pair of passionate, modest sweet-hearts, whose love-scenes went very prettily. He, in the person of Mr. Basil Gill, was a picturesque figure, and his rich voice was of great value in his charming lines. Miss Norah Kerin, the Miranda, has hardly the trick of speaking the verse, but her work was graceful and agreeable.

So many musical comedies and other forms of theatrical entertainment begin well and end badly that Mr. Seymour Hicks has been minded to make a change and clear off most of the really bad part at the beginning. Perhaps this is done on the principle of the French dramatists who write a first Act signifying nothing to play late comers into their seats. It is hard on those who come early, and I hope that some change has now been made: for such of us as saw the first-night production of "The Catch of the Season," at the Vaudeville, clenched our teeth during the beginning thirty or forty minutes and prepared for a terrible night, wondering what Mr. Hicks had been thinking of to allow this and what had happened to Mr. Cosmo Hamilton. Then, however, the guests and the "Gibson Girls" departed, and there made a welcome appearance Miss

Zena Dare, Master A. Valchera, Mr. Seymour Hicks, and a story. And all was well.

A Seymour Hicks entertainment, whether it be a modernised pantomime or a musical comedy, has always a something about it which raises it somewhat above all other things on similar lines. Usually the something is made up largely of Miss Ellaline Terriss, but she, alas, is not here, though he would be difficult to please who would not be almost entirely satisfied with Miss Dare's effort to fill her place. It is not the music—in this case, with the exception of two or three graceful songs and one good, swinging chorus and dance, not particularly noticeable; nor is it any remarkable cleverness in the writing, though there is always a childlike and bland simplicity about the humours of the piece which is not without its attraction. What one began to realise in "The Catch of the Season"—after that first unhappy half-hour—was that an immortal story was being told in terms of modern

life and a manner that made it seem for the first time of human interest, and that Mr. Hicks and Miss Dare were, wonderful to relate, playing love-scenes in a musical comedy simply and naturally and as if they meant them. They were not the conventional rhapsodies of the tenor and the leading lady, during which you sit back with resignation and await without enthusiasm the return of the low-comedian: there was no low-comedian to await, and these two were the chief feature of the entertainment.

There were other features almost as important, such as the cleverness and humour of Master Valchera, as remarkable a child actor in his quaint way as has yet been seen; the youthful recklessness of Mr. Hicks; the stammer of Mr. Sam Sothorn, who has inherited the Dundreary title; and the cheery geniality of Miss Rosina Filippi as the fairy godmother; and they all help to make a very pleasant and at times a delightful evening. Over it all, excellent though it is, there are the shadows of lost opportunities. It is something to have given us Cinderella with sisters who are not hard-featured, red-nosed gentlemen from the halls, transformed by a troupe of milliner's girls and driving off to the mansion of an ordinary Duke; but surely the story need not have been weakened by the formless extravagances of the second Act. It ought to have been possible, without the exercise of any very great ingenuity, to weave some little modern comedy round the slipper and the discomfiture of the haughty sisters. Musical comedy need not become a mere medley in the second Act, with butterfly songs and "Be my Love-bird," &c. Mr. Hicks has broken other rules; why has he not directed his reforming hammer upon this one?



MISS KITTY MASON AS THE DANCER IN  
"THE CINGALEE," AT DALY'S.

Photograph by Ellis and Walery Baker Street, W.

A COLOSSAL PIECE OF IMPUDENCE.



REDUCED FACSIMILE OF AN ENORMOUS AMERICAN POSTER, SHOWING WILLIAMS AND WALKER, THE TWO COLOURED COMEDIANS WHO RECENTLY APPEARED IN "IN DAHOMEY" AT THE SHAFTESBURY, APPARENTLY ON THEIR WAY TO BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

*For the loan of the Poster we are indebted to Mr. W. L. Abingdon, the well-known actor.*

## THE END OF THE SUMMER: A PEACEFUL SCENE.



MISS VESTIA TILLEY, THE FAMOUS MUSIC-HALL "BOY," AND HER HUSBAND, MR. WALTER DE FREECE.

*Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.*

"THAT BRUTE SIMMONS," THE CLEVER CURTAIN-RAISER  
AT THE NEW THEATRE.



Mrs. Simmons (Miss Carlotta Zerbin). Thomas Simmons (Mr. Frederick Volpé).

*Mrs. Simmons' first husband was reported drowned at sea. Her second husband envies him.*



Bob Ford (Mr. W. Cheesman).

*So that, when the first husband turns up safe and sound, Mr. Simmons is only too ready to quit.*



*But Bob Ford is also anxious to escape. Eventually, to the dismay of Mrs. Ford-Simmons, they both leave.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE BIOGRAPH STUDIO, REGENT STREET, W.

## THE THRUSH.

By S. L. BENSUSAN.



I SAT under the apple-tree at the garden's end, enjoying the summer day as a man may when town and work have been deliberately left behind. By the porch, where the yellow roses sprawled at their ease along branches that explored windows and walls from door to roof, swallows were flying to and fro, pausing now and

again by their nests to sing their subdued song to half-fledged young. Over in the wood where the herons build, a cuckoo varied his call by trilling on the first note, as though he were an opera-singer. But best of all the morning's melody was the song of a thrush hidden in the pear-tree of Father William's garden. All around the eye revelled in "the flame and bloom of full-breathed summer," while the thrush gave voice to the joy of the hours and praised his Maker after his own fashion. In town I had been listening to Caruso and Melba and Destinn, but they had not spoilt my appreciation of the voices I knew so much better and more intimately.

Where the Whitewater River ran glowing in the sun with colour that recalled the Mediterranean, a sailing-boat passed like a great white bird, but all the road was deserted. I saw baby rabbits come from their stop in the hedgerow, in the wake of the fat, nervous doe their mother. She listened intently, looked round cautiously, and then fell to feeding on the young leaves of the wild parsley, while one or two of her babies ventured playfully to the edge of the road and exercised their newly opened eyes to see what manner of world they were born to. In the dim recesses of the pear-tree the thrush redoubled his song.

The magpie, a striking harmony in black and white, fluttered down from his home in the high elm, the rabbits scampered back to their place of refuge. Seeing me, their enemy appeared to change his first intention, and flew right across the meadow to the wood, where the cuckoo still tried to enlarge his repertoire, and a jay screamed harshly, as though in jealous anger. The life of the garden went on all undisturbed. I was not deemed an intruder even by the robin, who, with head on one side, surveyed me from a bough within reach of my hand. Bee and butterfly laboured or played among the stocks and wallflowers, the sun chased all the shadows from hedge and lawn, the thrush ended his song and flew from the pear-tree to the hedge. For a moment he paused, then raised his wings and lighted on the ground somewhere in Father William's garden. There was a momentary silence—all sounds from wood and porch and garden were hushed, just as in the moments that precede the outbreak of a thunder-storm—and then I heard a hideous snap and a flutter of wings. I jumped up, ran out of the garden and down the road to the thatched cottage where Father William sat in front of the fire, his red shawl over his coat. He looked up at once.

"There, now," he said; "I'm pleased f'r to see ye. Come in a minute, do. What's skeered ye?"

"Father William," I said, hurriedly, "did you hear that thrush singing in your pear-tree?"

"Aye, I heerd th' varmint," he replied. "'Mazin' lot o' they buds about th' garden, an' I count 'em a wunnerful pleg."

"Well," I said, "it's in one of your traps. May I go and get it?"

"Lor', now," said Father William, irritably. "Been springin' my trap, 'as it, th' fool? Go an' fetch ut if ye like an' ye want ut. It ain't no business in my traps, an'—"

I did not stay to hear more, but ran down the garden where the sweet singer of the morning lay shattered between the cruel steel teeth. I took him out carefully, but there was no hope of recovery, and I put a swift period to his pain. Father William came hobbling down the path. He had stayed to take his crook-stick from its corner.

"There ain't no gettin' away from they traps o' mine," he chuckled. "Many's the gre't ole rat I've caught in 'em, an' weasels an' stoatses, an' a rabbit now an' agen, an' chance times a 'are. An' I caught they gre't fools o' dogs o' 'is," he went on, speaking to

himself rather than to me, but without lowering his voice; "an' now ye've sent 'em all away, an' I'm werry glad on it, an' so's the shepherd, an' 'e's a right-for'ard man' too, an' sez 'e don't bear ye no malice, though ye've said 'ard words to 'im an' no mistake, an' well 'e 'members 'em."

"Father William," I cried, holding the mangled thrush before him, and hardly knowing what I said, for the tragedy of the dead singer was so sudden and so undeserved, "how could you do this thing? I wouldn't have done it for fifty pounds." He stared at me, half-wondering, half-angry—poor, cruel old man, too stricken in years quite to realise what he does or says.

"Lor' love ye," he said at last, "I were always a wunnerful trapper. Caught all sorts o' varmints, I did, ever since I went t' wark on th' land. There ain't a man in th' village what's caught what I've caught, an', if he says so, it's a lie. But, there, I'd like th' fifty pound ye said, though I don't suppose ye'll gie it me. No, nor five either, though I've caught a might o' buds an' varmints in me time. I'm a pore ole man, in me nineties, an' I'm tellin' ye th' truth, an' I'll set th' trap agen an' catch ye another o' they if ye like, or, mebbe, a blackbud. There's lots o' they, an' werry fat they be. Love ye, I'm allus a catchin' o' somethin', an' that's the truth. An' werry good eatin' too, an' no mistake, if ye've them what'll pluck 'em an' cook 'em f'r ye tasty. I can't do ut now, an' it ain't no good f'r me to try."

"Father William," I said, "how would you like this place if no birds came here at all, if you had no song all the summer through, if you had caught everything, the sparrows and starlings in the thatch, the swallows under the porch, the blackbirds, thrushes, finches, and the rest of them? How would you care for the place then?"

The veteran's eyes seemed to brighten, he twitched the red shawl into position, and then leaned heavily on his stick, staring at me as though he had a very poor opinion of my intelligence.

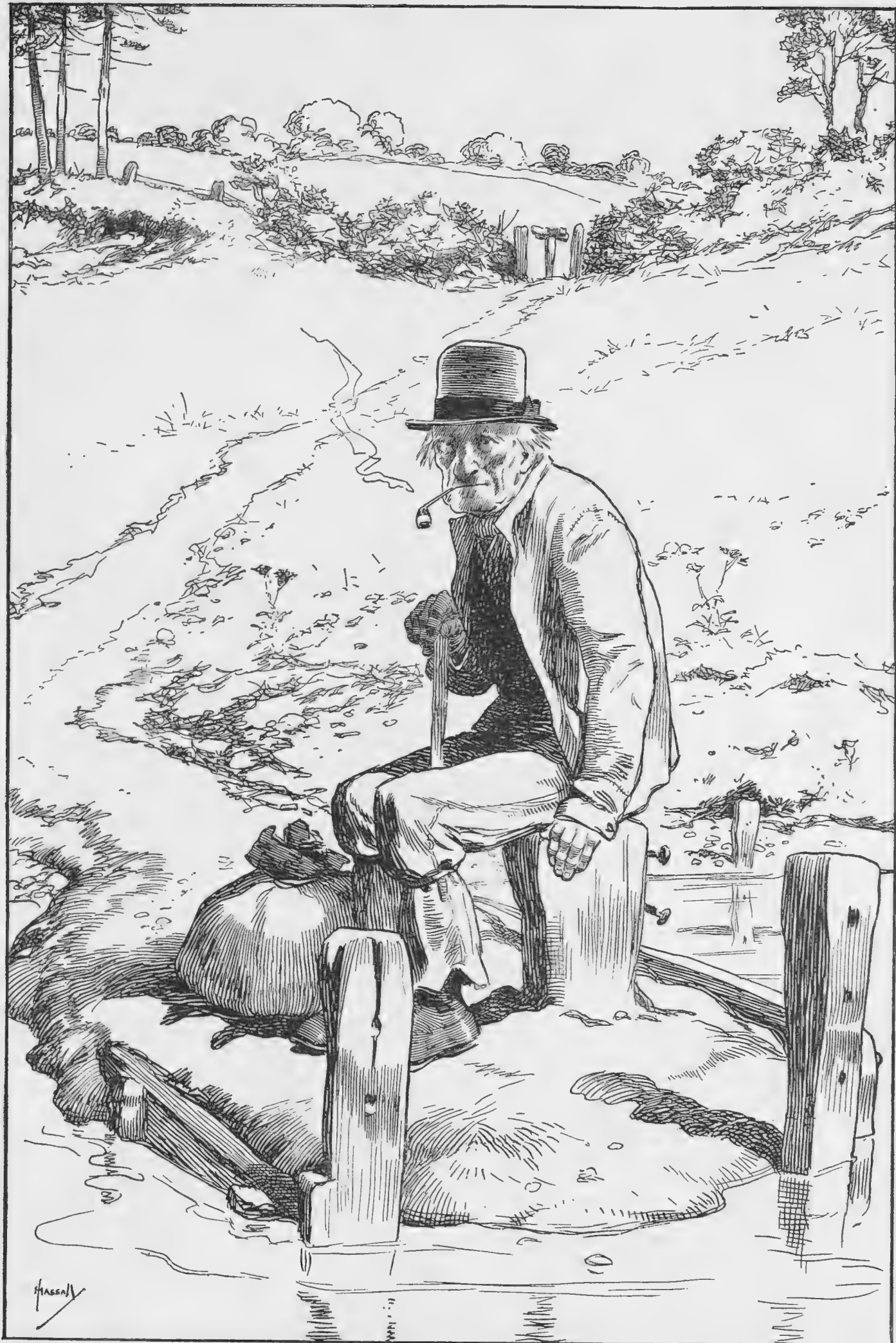
"That 'd be 'mazin' fine, to be sure," he said. "If I didn't 'ave none o' they varmints fleckin' my pears, an' tearin' out the lettings, an' stealin' me currants an' makin' me buy nettin', I'd 'ave th' best wegebles in th' parish without warkin' as I do for 'em. Though, mark ye, there ain't many 'as 'em as good now, an' there ain't none better, an' ye can't deny ut. But ye can't catch all on 'em, an' they're wunnerful mischievous. I'd like a dozen o' they traps 'stead o' two, an' I'd fill 'em all w' summat, an' yet there'd be too many left f'r me garden to be safe, an' that's th' truth; an', mebbe, if ye gie'd me th' fifty pound, I'd buy some more on 'em an' do what I could. An' I've often wondered ye don't set traps in y'r own garden, an' so 'as th' shepherd. 'E sets all 'e can, an' I doubt 'e catches more rabbits than rats, th' varmint. I knows 'im, an' better than 'is master does. But if ye'd catch a few o' they ole buds, an' they gre't ole rats what comes f'r the barns, it 'ud be a good thing, an' well ye knows ut."

"Truthfully," I said, "don't you care for their song?"

The veteran smiled more contemptuously than ever.

"Ye can't grow peas an' lettings an' wegebles o' other sorts w' songs," he said, acidly, "nor currants neither. But, there, there's no 'splainin' to ye. I'm tired o' tryin' to make ye understand gardenin'. Buds is more to ye than wegebles, an' I can't understand it, more can't th' shepherd. An' now I'm goin' back to me fire, f'r me bones is cold, an' if ye like to come an' sit by ut ye're welcome. Lor'! Sprung my trap, did it, th' fool? Serve 'im right, then! I don't set me traps f'r mavises—don't think ut. I'd like a dozen on 'em all over th' garden. Aye, an' I'd put 'em there if ye'd gie me th' fifty pound ye promised me—which ye won't, I doubt. An' if ye thought more of an ole man what's in 'is ninety an' 'as done his dooty by ye, there'd be less time to bother about they buds. An' that 'ud be better f'r ye an' better f'r me, an' it 'd make no difference to they."

*"At the Ferry."*



DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL, R.I.

## THE END OF THE BATHING SEASON:

SOME SNAPSHOTS ROUND THE FRENCH COAST.



ENTERING THE BATHING-CABINS.



THE TRANSFORMATION.



A FAMILY PARTY.

*Photographs by C. Chusseau-Flaviens, Paris.*

THE END OF THE BATHING SEASON:  
SOME SNAPSHOTS ROUND THE FRENCH COAST.



A COMEDY OF A CANOE: ACT I.



A COMEDY OF A CANOE: ACT II.



A COMEDY OF A CANOE: ACT III.

*Photographs by C. Chusseau-Flaviens, Paris.*

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

WHAT do we read during the holidays? The *Temps* of Paris has been putting this question to some leading literary men in France. The responses are not very illuminating. I sympathise most with M. Sorel, the learned historian, who confesses that, as for him, he reads Dumas, and not only Dumas, but cheap detective-stories as well. He finds these an antiseptic for intellectualism. Next in merit are the authors who confess frankly that, on holiday, they read very little at all. M. Hanotaux is preparing to give the world another volume of his *Contemporary History*, and he has been studying the speeches of Gambetta and the *Statistical Annual of France*. M. Alfred Capus, the popular dramatist, thinks that an exaggerated importance is attached to the reading of books as part of a literary education. It is difficult to follow the remark. A soundly educated man can, it is true, pass the tests with an intimate knowledge of comparatively few classics, but the average person will find himself sadly out of it unless he finds time to read something. On the whole, I do not know that a holiday can be better spent than in reading or re-reading the great classics of literature as they are to be found in the many admirable reprints of to-day.

Mr. J. M. Dent, whose taste and skill have done so much to alter the whole course of British publishing, contemplates the publication of a small literary quarterly. It will contain, amongst other matter, accounts of the classical books which Mr. Dent has succeeded in getting into the public hands through his excellent reprints.

There is to be yet another series of literary biographies. It will be published by Messrs. Bell, and among the books arranged for are Coleridge, by Dr. Garnett; Chaucer, by the Rev. W. Tuckwell; Shakespeare, by Alfred Ewen; De Quincey, by H. S. Salt; Scott, by Dr. Laing; Johnson, by John Dennis; Milton, by Dr. Williamson; Macaulay, by Dr. Garnett; Browning, by Sir F. T. Marzials. I do not think any the worse of this list that it contains some unknown names. The cabs on the ranks are very good, but we want something more. Some of these writers have great opportunities. Scott, for example, has never yet had justice done to him. Compilations from Lockhart are quite useless, but there are many materials for a biography which Lockhart has not used.

The admirable and, indeed, only edition of Samuel Pepys edited by Mr. H. B. Wheatley is to be issued in a cheaper form. There will be eight volumes at five shillings net each. This reprint will contain the whole of the text of the Diary and the notes and index as given in the ten-volume edition, but the volume entitled "Pepysiana" is to be omitted. Why should this be so? Why should we not have the "Pepysiana" along with the rest?

Speaking of Pepys, much may be learned from Mr. J. R. Tanner's new work, "A Descriptive Catalogue of the Naval Manuscripts in the

Pepysian Library at Magdalene College, Cambridge." Mr. Tanner shows that Charles II. gave considerable attention to naval matters. He transacted a great deal of business with his own hand, and descended, like his predecessors, to the smallest matters of detail. We find him selecting ships for special services; hearing an argument between experts on points arising in connection with a double dry-dock to be built at Chatham, and giving an independent decision thereon; appointing a storekeeper, pursers, and even a boatswain. As for Pepys himself, Mr. Tanner declares that "he was a man of extraordinary knowledge in all that related to the business of the Navy, of great talents and the most indefatigable industry." It is remarkable that the man who wrote the Diary should have been the

right hand of the Navy. From the Diary we learn that Pepys was a sensualist, a dandy, a collector of books and prints, a musician, and something of a theologian. From the manuscripts we find him a man of sound judgment, of great administrative capacity, and of extraordinary shrewdness and tact in dealing with men. Surely human nature is indeed a complex thing.

Dr. George Williamson has ready for publication an important *History of Portrait Miniatures*, from the time of Holbein, 1531, to that of Sir William Ross, 1860, ready for publication. There are to be upwards of seven hundred illustrations. The hand-made paper edition, limited to five hundred copies, will be sold at ten guineas net, and there will also be a special edition of fifty copies, with thirty-four hand-painted plates, at fifty guineas. This work is by far the most comprehensive and authoritative that has ever been written on the subject, as the author has been able to examine all the great collections in this country, and also the Royal and Imperial collections on the Continent which have hitherto been inaccessible to the student. The seven hundred miniatures which are illustrated form a superb series of portraits of practically

everyone of importance in English history since the days of Elizabeth, besides very many foreign celebrities. The *édition-de-luxe* has as an additional illustration a hand-painted facsimile of a new miniature of Queen Alexandra, painted at the author's request and by Her Majesty's gracious permission by Mr. Allyn Williams.

Mrs. Charles Roundell has written a book on "Ham House: its History and Art Treasures." It is sumptuously illustrated with photogravure and collotype plates, representing all the important treasures of the mansion. The work will be published in 540 copies, the ordinary edition at five guineas net.

The Blake literature will be increased this year. Mr. E. J. Ellis has edited a new edition of Blake, and Miss Irene Langridge has written a *Study of his Life and Works*. Both Mr. Ellis and Miss Langridge attempt to elucidate the hidden meanings of Blake's productions.



AWFUL PREDICAMENT OF A GENTLEMAN WHO HAS ARRANGED TO MEET HIS FIANCÉE AT KING'S CROSS.

## FOUR NEW NOVELS.

**"SABRINA WARHAM."**

By LAURENCE HOUSMAN.  
(John Murray. 6s.)

Always a master of easy and natural narrative, Mr. Laurence Housman has been true to himself in his latest work. There is something of the old-fashioned in the structure of his romance, which, for want of a better label, may be described as of the "hall-and-cottage" order. But his heroine is very modern, and the novelist has been careful, after the modern

manner, to build up her environment and antecedents with minute deliberation before he speeds her upon her passionate pilgrimage. Sabrina was the daughter of a broken-down University man who ruined his career by folly and extravagance, drifted into second-rate teaching, and then became librarian to a country gentleman. While holding the last-named post he married the niece of the Castle bailiff. Hence Sabrina. The girl's earlier years were passed in unhappiness, for her father quitted his regular employment for desultory journalism in London and neglected his family. Finally, he became a fugitive from justice, was understood to have been a bigamist, and made haste to

Sybil together is only equalled by her indignation when she learns that they have decided to marry, on a pittance which came to Austin from his mother, and emigrate to Canada. Ultimately, Mrs. Belfort gives in and pairs off with a middle-aged barrister who has always loved her and who promises to take her out to Canada in the autumn. An amusing story, but slight, and, if the truth must be told, not very convincing. The characters are shadows, and Mrs. Belfort's point of view is not so presented as to win the reader's pardon, or even his understanding.

**"ORRAIN."**

By S. LEVETT-YEATS.  
(Methuen. 6s.)

The reign of Henri II., as may well be imagined, gives Mr. Levett-Yeats plenty of scope for his talents in blending history and fiction cunningly together, and he has had the wisdom to avoid the oft-told tale of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew and has turned his attention to the preceding years. The story is told in the first person by the Chevalier Bertrand d'Orrain, who is pursued by the relentless hatred of his half-brother, the Vidame Simon d'Orrain, and narrowly escapes death at his hands on more than one occasion. Early in his career, Bertrand rescues the beautiful Diane de Paradis—one of the richest heiresses in France—from the clutches of the Vidame, and thenceforth he is fully occupied in protecting her, for she is beset on all sides, not only for her money, but because she is an avowed Huguenot. Apart from the terrible strife between the Catholics and Huguenots, there is the no less deadly feud between the Queen and the King's celebrated mistress, Diane's infamous namesake, Diane de Poitiers, or, as she was generally styled, "The Crescent Moon." In his endeavour to drive home the tale of Diane's infamy, the author errs on the side of making Queen Catherine de Medici almost too sympathetic a character, and it is hard to believe that the woman who was to be responsible for the terrible massacre a few years later could have been so set aside and so comparatively harmless as the present book represents her to be. The author handles his material well and certainly puts plenty of colour into his scenes, sustaining the interest to the very end—a rare quality in this type of narrative—but the style is apt to be a little abrupt.

**"HELD IN THE TOILS."**

By JOHN K. LEYS.  
(Ward, Lock. 6s.)

Evidently designed for railway-reading, "Held in the Toils" may be said to be a fair specimen of its class, and likely to attain a measure of popularity amongst the less exacting devotees of sensationalism. It errs, however, by seldom going to extremes: "half-hogging" is not often wise in such matters. Incident should succeed incident with lightning rapidity, the reader should have no time to weigh probabilities or possibilities, no leisure to cavil at character or coincidence. Mr. Leys hesitates to venture into the field of melodrama in its most pronounced form, and the result is a hybrid. Many of the ingredients of a first-rate "thriller" are evident in its composition, but it is neither ingenious enough nor daring enough to satisfy as a whole. Nihilism with all its customary accessories—death-warrants, spying, traitors in the camp, unwilling "brothers," and a beautiful "sister"; a villain who is given to coercing his wife that he may dabble in mines, and who shrinks at nothing to gain his ends; a hero who kills a man in self-defence under such circumstances that he dare not submit to arrest, and becomes a wanderer on the face of the earth; forgery, theft, and attempted robbery with violence; and a sufficiency of characters, discreet or indiscreet according to the bidding of the author rather than at the dictate of Nature—there is the material, but the manner is lacking. Mr. Leys will do well to write "Imperially" when he next essays a similar task.

One of the most interesting announcements made by the publishers is certainly Mr. Edward Arnold's promise of the *Reminiscences* of Sir Henry Hawkins, now Lord Brampton, which are to appear in October. If the stories told by Lord Brampton are equal in merit to the stories told about him, the book should be superlatively good.

Among his new fiction, Mr. Arnold announces a novel by F. F. Montrésor, entitled "The Celestial Surgeon." Miss Montrésor began very well, but has not been much heard of for some years. Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick, who has hardly come to her own in the estimation of the public, promises a book entitled "Scenes of Jewish Life."

Messrs. J. M. Dent are to publish a series which ought to be attractive, under the title "The Temple Topographies." Among the books announced are "Knutsford," by the Rev. G. A. Payne; "Broadway," by Algernon Gissing; and "Evesham," by E. H. New. They will also publish a volume of *Essays* by Mr. Arthur Symons, entitled "Studies in Prose and Verse."



MRS. HENRY DUDENEV, WHO IS ABOUT TO PUBLISH "THE WISK WOODS."

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett, Hyde Park Corner.

take his own life by "such means as the law permits," Mr. Housman's elegant euphemism for dipsomania. The reprobate made an unedifying end, in Sabrina's arms one may say almost; the mother and daughter return to their native place, and, after an interval, the action of the piece begins. As is to be expected with a modern young woman of some intellectual attainment, Sabrina finds her mother a great trial, for the poor old lady has not very good taste in externals, adores a strident canary, and has joined the Church of Rome. Sabrina, of course, suffers from a sensitive eye and ear and from suspended judgment in questions of faith. This sort of thing did very well in the early days of the New School, but now it takes all Mr. Housman's skill to carry it off, and fortunate it is for his book that the element of idyllic pastoral comes speedily to the rescue. A rustic lover and a man of polish contend for Sabrina's favours, and the end is not what the reader might at first suspect. That in itself is to the writer's credit. For the justification of "the Beauty's" choice one must follow her through the vicissitudes of her history, a pleasant task when Mr. Housman points the way.

**"MRS. BELFORT'S STRATAGEM."**

By THOMAS COHR.  
(Nash. 6s.)

Mrs. Belfort threw her daughter Sybil at Mr. Austin Lemaire's head. It must be admitted that she had some excuse, for Sybil, though she imagined it to be her own secret, was obviously in love with the man. Austin had inherited a fortune from his father, an extremely shady company-promoter, and of this money Mrs. Belfort, in common with most of her set, would have said, emphatically, *Non olet*, if she had had a classical education. But his inheritance did not smell sweet in the nostrils of Austin, a young man who read Thoreau and Tolstoy, and he sometimes talked of giving it up—very creditable to him, Mrs. Belfort considered, so long as he contented himself with merely talking! Such a very suitable match for dear Sybil! So, when Mrs. Belfort heard that Austin had gone to Plover's Hatch, on Birchdown Forest, to do the "return to Nature" business in an artistic cottage, she took a furnished residence there too, Sybil being a mere pawn in this game. Mrs. Belfort is hoist with her own petard. Austin finds renunciation compulsory; he is illegitimate, and his father's real heir is an ignoble creature from Australia, whose life he characteristically saves. Thus the fond mother's anxiety to bring Austin and

*Lunch à la Carte. Drawn at Trento by Dudley Hardy.*



GERMAN TOURIST (*to Waiter*): Two glasses of beer, three cakes, and eighteen picture-postcards. 'Ow moch?

*Dahn our Alley. Drawn by Frank Chesworth.*



I.—"I SEE THEY'RE 'AVIN' A PARTY AT NUMBER TEN."

## A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

## MURGATROYD'S MILLENNIUM POWDER.

By FRANK RICHARDSON.



"Professor Murgatroyd's compliments to you, sir, and he will be very pleased if you will dine at his table."

"Professor Murgatroyd?"

"Who is he? Where is he?" The young man was dressed with almost exaggerated elegance. Had he not been well-built, the brilliance of the three turquoise studs, turquoise and diamond links, and turquoise and mother-of-pearl buttons on his white waistcoat would have produced an effect of unpleasant effeminacy in a man so good-looking as he.

In the first place, he had asked for—or rather, in the manner of an accustomed client, ordered—one of Schurin's tables; but the Carlton was crowded—crowded to exclusion, if not to exclusiveness. He had been assured by the man at the desk that not only were all Schurin's tables engaged, but there was not an empty table in the restaurant.

It was at this moment that the waiter had appeared with the extraordinary message.

"He knows you, sir; and he asked me to take his compliments to Sir Austin Tooth. That is the gentleman—the elderly gentleman sitting alone at the fourth table."

The young man's eyes wandered in the direction indicated and rested upon an individual who would have been remarkable anywhere.

The Professor's head was colossal. Even when seated he suggested top-heaviness. No man could ever have been so completely devoid of hair. Not an eyebrow nor a moustache nor a suggestion of whisker-fitting was there on his face. His skull seemed to have been polished: it shone effulgently.

It astounded Sir Austin; he had never seen anything like it. For an instant, the striking nudity of the Professor's head absorbed him; but he realised that there was about the features of this man a suggestion of greatness. He caught the eyes of the Professor; they were black and almost hypnotic. He moved to the table, expressed his gratitude for the courteous message, sat down, and ordered his dinner.

With great elaboration and after much thought, he settled upon a sequence of dishes that found favour in his sight. He ordered a bottle of Pommery '74, and only then, on the disappearance of the waiter, did he remark that the Professor had not spoken; but he knew that during the entire time he had been discussing the subject of his dinner the Professor's eyes had been upon him.

He ate an *hors d'œuvre*, he ate his soup, and, with the usual restraint of an English gentleman in the presence of a stranger, he spoke no word.

But suddenly, at the *entrée*, the silence was broken.

With a twang like that of a banjo, the Professor said, "Sir Austin, if I were you, I should not commit suicide to-night."

The young man's face became pale, his fork dropped with a clatter on his plate.

With a face of blank astonishment, he met the beady eyes of the Professor.

"What the deuce do you mean?" he stammered.

The Professor repeated, with a slow drawl, "If I were you, I should think once or twice, at least, before committing suicide to-night. Perhaps I ought to explain."

"I have not the pleasure of your acquaintance." He did not, however, deny the advisability of an explanation.

Murgatroyd leant over the table. Said he, "You are Sir Austin Tooth, aren't you?"

"That is so."

"I am Professor Murgatroyd, of Harriman University, U.S.A., and, in all probability, the greatest genius that the world has ever known.

Now you fix me. You are the fourth Baronet; but I am not going to waste my time and yours in telling you facts about yourself. May be, you are not aware that you are married to one of the most beautiful women in the world. I say 'may be,' because, if you were aware of that fact and all it means, or all it ought to mean, you would probably not be thinking of committing suicide to-night. As you say, you have not the pleasure of my acquaintance. But directly I set eyes on Lady Tooth, I—as a student of humanity—made it my business to find out who was her proud proprietor. Such beauty as hers is likely to inspire some terrible tragedy. Still, I do not think, if I were you, I should commit suicide to-night."

The other man spoke: "You astound me. What made you think that I——?"

"I will explain shortly. My friend Humphrey Wheeler, K.C.—the man with the Christian Science trouble, you know—told me that he was dining with you to-night at your home. When a man dines with you at your own home you have to be present. It is almost your duty. To my intense surprise, when I take my seat here, I see you purposing to dine alone at a restaurant apart from your guests. That is no part of the duties of a host. Clearly you are the victim of domestic trouble. Further, with extraordinary care you have ordered an elegant dinner. But there is something on your mind which prevents your eating it. You have merely inspected the repast. In addition, you have deliberately ordered far more champagne than is necessary to your physical well-being. You could get along just as well with half the quantity you propose to imbibe. You are not a drunkard. That I can tell by your face. I should say that you are a moderate drinker—if a drinker at all. Your object in consuming this champagne is to acquire sufficient courage to do a durned silly act. Now you, judging by your features, have got all the pluck you want for ordinary, sensible purposes. But your scheme is to get right off the rails, and you feel you cannot do it unless you are semi-sober. Have I summed you up?"

Completely astounded, Sir Austin answered, "You have."

"And, until you met me, your intention was to commit suicide?"

"My purpose remains unaltered."

"Pardon me," corrected the Professor.

Sir Austin shook his head.

"You have gone thoroughly into the matter? You have come to the conclusion that it is the only way out of your troubles? Now, suicide is a most cowardly solution of a difficulty."

Impatiently, the other answered, "Oh, I have heard all that before!"

"I admit," continued the Professor, "that there are many circumstances in life which may make it necessary to commit murder. Until you have murdered two or three people without solving your difficulty, it is perfectly absurd to murder yourself."

"I don't quite follow," said the other, uneasily.

"I think I could make the matter clearer to you if you would explain to me the circumstances that induced you to contemplate suicide. I am not asking out of curiosity; but this is an important matter for you. I don't suppose you have taken anybody's advice. You have not been to your lawyer or to your medical man. The step that you propose taking to-night is the most important and, perhaps, the most original of your life. It seems extraordinary, therefore, that you have not taken anybody's advice upon the matter. Happily, Fate has brought you to my table. If you will state your case, I will consider it and give you all the help in my power. Though I am a complete stranger, permit me to point to the bumps on my head as my credentials. You will observe that large bump above the right eye. That bump represents genius; it is no good my denying it or showing any false modesty about the matter. The thing speaks for itself. The other bump, a little Nor'-Nor'-West, is indicative of sound judgment. It should be a great help to you, therefore, when you are committing suicide, to know that a genius, who possesses also a quality even rarer, *sound judgment*, has assured you that you are pursuing a proper course."

Sir Austin had decided to shoot himself; he had arranged all the details in his mind. Only a few hours of life remained; he might

while away a quarter-of-an-hour in that most pleasant of pursuits, the recounting of one's sorrows.

He stated his case at length and almost with gusto.

It seemed as if he were chewing the cud of his misery.

As so short a space of existence lay before him, he did not hesitate to express himself with the utmost accuracy. His faults were the ordinary faults of ordinary men, but *her* fault—and he did not suggest that she had more than one—*her* fault was a sin. It was abnormally monstrous, a symptom of insanity. He, as *her* husband, had become a subject for merriment. His Clubs were intolerable for him. He was regarded as a buffoon. Altogether, *his* was an exceptionally bad case.

He had married a girl of extraordinary beauty, a girl with whom he was very much in love. His assiduous devotion to the occupations necessary to a man of his rank, such as polo and card-playing and taking a share in a musical theatre, had forced him, much against his will, to leave her a great deal to herself.

Often he had found himself compelled to go to Monte Carlo in the society of people he could not possibly introduce to his wife. Had he not been sure of her great love for him, he would, of course, not have left her so much alone. But his confidence in her was so complete that he had been able to go on a six months' yachting-trip with a party whose manners and customs had formed the subject of subsequent investigation in the Divorce Court. His wife, however, had unhappily become a victim to Christian Science. Every woman, he admitted, required some form of amusement. But she had hit upon the worst possible form.

Her conversation had become absolutely intolerable, not to say unintelligible. She had absorbed "Science and Health" and other works that stultify the intellect.

In reply to ordinary questions, she would answer, "Matter is not matter," or "All is mind, and mind is all in all," until his brain whirled.

She associated, for choice, with people who talked in a similar strain—such as Henry Wheeler, the K.C.—and she believed that pain was not pain, but merely an imaginary symptom of a genuine sin.

If his coffee were not to his liking in the morning, she would explain at great length that he only *imagined* it was bad. If she were late for dinner, her defence would be that he only *imagined* that it was half-past nine. The evidence of the clock, when called by him in his favour, she declined to accept. "Mind," she would say, "is a more perfect organisation than any clock *made with hands*." Conversation, on her part, had ceased to express anything but the ramblings of a lunatic.

On this very day she had invited to her house for dinner a party of

Christian Scientists, amongst whom was an ex-sufferer from cancer, spinal catarrh, and double dyspepsia whose case had been given up by the whole College of Surgeons. This lady had been cured absolutely by Christian Science, and it was in honour of her cure and in order that she might describe it in a *Christian-cum-Scientific* manner that the dinner-party had been arranged.

Sir Austin, when he heard of it, had lost all his self-control.

To him it seemed a terrible thing that the woman he loved should be rapidly drifting towards insanity.

It was impossible for him to talk to her on any subject whatever. She was no longer a wife; she was a woeful warning.

The memory of what she once had been, of what she would never be again, was past bearing.

He declined to be present at this orgie of insanity.

There was one way out of the trouble; the law afforded him no relief. He could not get an injunction restraining her from voluntarily becoming an insane heretic: he had jumped to the conclusion that death was the only possible remedy for his sorrow, and in this mood he had come to the Carlton. It is not good to die on an empty stomach.

To all this the Professor listened intently, and then he said—

"I congratulate you. I think you are doing a very wise thing, except that you are going to kill the wrong person. Now, this would not matter so much, because this is your first murder. As you are murdering yourself, it will be your last; so you won't have time to achieve any distinction in the business, anyhow. I doubt whether you would ever become a really prominent murderer. You lack discrimination."

"Look here," said Sir Austin, somewhat peevishly, "I don't intend to go in for murder as a business."

"That is where all you amateurs," answered the Professor, "are so durned careless. You do not take any trouble. I have devoted a large portion of my life to this question of murder. The solution of nearly all difficulties, political, social, and domestic, is murder. But although in most branches of science we have made enormous progress during the last few centuries, in the art of murder we have made no headway at all. We are just as bad as bad. We are not ahead of the Borgias, Madame de Brancvilliers, and Lavoisin. There is not such a thing as a new poison, whereas medical skill has made the detection of all the old ones a dead certainty. I, however, have invented a drug the working of which can never be detected."

From his trouser-pocket the Professor produced a small gold box and placed it on the table.



THE WORLD'S FAIR AT ST. LOUIS: THE BOOT-BLACK STAND.

DRAWN BY F. CUCUEL.

Said he: "This is Millennium Powder. It is tasteless, it is white, its action is certain, and it leaves no traces in the body. If I have killed one man, woman, or child with this powder, I have killed three hundred of mixed sexes. Only the other day, I happened to be unfortunate in litigation over here regarding certain patents of mine. Observe the second bump over my left eye. It is singularly well-developed. It is the bump of Justice. As the possessor of that bump, it is not probable that I was in the wrong in my suit. One of your Chancery Judges, however, decided otherwise. The funny thing is that, when that man died, your papers did not point out that his death was a gain to the Bench. But I do not confine myself to Judges. In my own country I kill as many millionaires as anything else. Whenever I hear a sad story, I investigate the case, and, if I have time, I kill off the party to blame. If I were an Englishman, I should put in some good work at your War Office."

These statements were delivered with a quiet control and an air of convincing sincerity.

Sir Austin listened, aghast.

The Professor continued: "In another ten years I could reform the world. I could weed out all persons who are liable to disturb the peace of Europe. I could destroy all individuals of evil instincts whose continued existence is necessary neither for their own good nor for the good of the State—if I could get proper assistance, but I cannot. There are very few people who possess the bump which you will notice on the summit of my cranium. That is the bump of perspicacity. By means of that, no matter how complicated be the matter brought to my notice, I immediately and unerringly decide on the party whose extinction is necessary to the solution of the trouble. Take this case. The eldest son of one of your Peers is about to marry a 'Gaiety Girl.' Whom do you destroy?"

"Whom do I—?"

"Yes, imagine that, in the event of your not dying to-night, I engage you as one of my assistants. I ask you to investigate the case. Whom do you destroy?"

Sir Austin thought for a minute, and then he said, "The girl."

"Why, you are as wrong as wrong!" replied the Professor. "Nothing could be more wrong-headed than that! Most people say, when I put the question to possible assistants, that the son should be removed. That, too, is all wrong. In the father's eyes the son's death would be a far greater calamity than his marriage. If you wipe out the girl, the young man will fall in love with the next peroxide blonde that comes along. He is bound to make a fool of himself, anyway. The proper man to kill is, of course, the father."

"The father!" echoed Sir Austin, in astonishment.

"Certainly," said the Professor. "I told you he was a Peer. And your Peerage is the only native industry that seems to defy competition. Though your English Peers are the best there are, yet you can make them out of any old thing. That boy is going to cause his Poppa so much trouble that it is just as well that the old man should pass away in Chapter I. You see my point?" he asked.

"Yes," was the doubtful answer.

"Anyhow, you appreciate how wrong you were. You see that you are not capable of condemning people to death with any degree of success." Irrelevantly, he added, "Don't you think you are, perhaps, wrong in deciding to commit suicide? Personally, having heard your case, I think that if you were to give your wife a few grains of Millennium Powder that would be the best way out of the trouble."

Horried, the other exclaimed, "You suggest that I should murder my wife?"

Said the Professor, "Indirectly, I *do* make that suggestion. I regard you as being a splendid type of an Englishman. According to your own showing, your wife is not precisely sane. Put her in one scale and you in the other. Which of you is of the greater value to the State? And, mind you, in matters of this sort your first duty is to the State."

Staring hard into the young man's face, Murgatroyd opened the gold box. From a letter-case he produced an empty envelope, and into it he poured a little of the white powder.

Said he, earnestly: "*There are no symptoms, and there is no pain. Death may occur even in an hour or even in a year.* The action of the powder varies according to no rules that I have yet been able to understand. But it is certain that it has never failed . . . Certain as taxes."

It seemed as though the young man were mesmerised by the Professor.

Mechanically almost he took the envelope.

For the rest of the evening he spoke little. He was absorbed in thought.

When he left the restaurant there was a wild look in his eyes. He had finished his bottle of champagne and he had not shaken hands with the Professor.

"Are you sure my darling would not like to go for a drive?"

"No, thank you, Austin, love."

"Is there anything that my Queen of kittens would like to do?"

From a pale-blue sky the sun shone on the white and green of Monte Carlo, and in perfect happiness these two sat side-by-side, gazing at the sea.

About the young man's brows was a suggestion of a deep sorrow, but of a deep sorrow that had been driven away. In the woman there was no sign that her radiant beauty had ever been marred by a moment's unhappiness.

They had been married for five years, and the fact that they were so conspicuously happy was regarded as a miracle by the society in which they moved.

Suddenly Sir Austin's lips tightened; he sat erect, gazing at a figure on the Promenade. Nearer and nearer, with cumbrous gait, came a little fat man with an enormous head covered by a Panama-hat that gave him the appearance of a corpulent mushroom.

Sir Austin rose instantly and walked towards him.

"Confound you, confound you!" he cried. "You are an infernal murderer, sir!"

Blandly the Professor smiled at Sir Austin. "I am delighted to meet you again."

"I am not pleased to meet *you*," was the other's frank reply. "Not only did you try to kill my wife, but you have nearly killed *me*. I gave her that infernal powder. It was over a year ago. And, my God, directly I had done it, I cursed you, Murgatroyd. From the day she had taken it I never left her side. At any moment the best woman in the world might die. I looked for you everywhere. I wired to America for you to send an antidote. I could get no trace of you. Man, you do not know what I have suffered! But, thank God, she is safe; the year is passed!"

At that moment he received a pat on the back with a fluffy parasol. "My dear Austin, why did you run away and leave me like that?"

The Professor took off his hat, revealing his elaborately bumped cranium.

"Lady Tooth, I presume? Sir Austin, you must bring your wife to the Riviera Palace Hotel and have lunch with me right away."

Astonished at his tone, the young man answered, "I am afraid it is impossible; we are engaged."

"Why, Austin, you know we're not! You are thinking of some other day. We shall be only too pleased to lunch with the Professor."

It was evident that her slightest wish was law, and, uneasily, her husband gave way.

The three walked to the hotel.

Conversation during lunch was conducted almost entirely by Lady Tooth and the American. Sir Austin could not find it in his heart to enjoy the cheery anecdotes of the man of murders. But his wife evidently took great interest in the stories of his marvellous discoveries and the allocation of the various bumps that produced them.

With eyes that were spellbound, Sir Austin noticed that the Professor took from his pocket a little gold box. Slowly he opened the top and poured a few grains of the powder into his whisky-and-soda.

"Good Heavens, stop!" cried Sir Austin, seizing his hand.

"What are you doing?" asked his wife.

Irrelevantly, as it seemed, Murgatroyd asked, "Lady Tooth, at one time you had Christian Science trouble, had you not?"

She laughed heartily as she answered, "Yes; that was a long time ago. Austin had to go away and leave me a great deal, and when women are left alone they always do something silly. But now I have got over that, haven't I, Austin?"

He did not answer, but gazed at the Professor's glass.

"I merely put the question, Lady Tooth, for this reason. Had you been a Christian Scientist, you would not approve the use of any medicament. This is a preparation of pepsine which I have invented for indigestion. I call it 'Murgatroyd's Millennium Powder'; and," he added, with a smile to Sir Austin, "it has also the power of making people—even married people—love one another."





## HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM

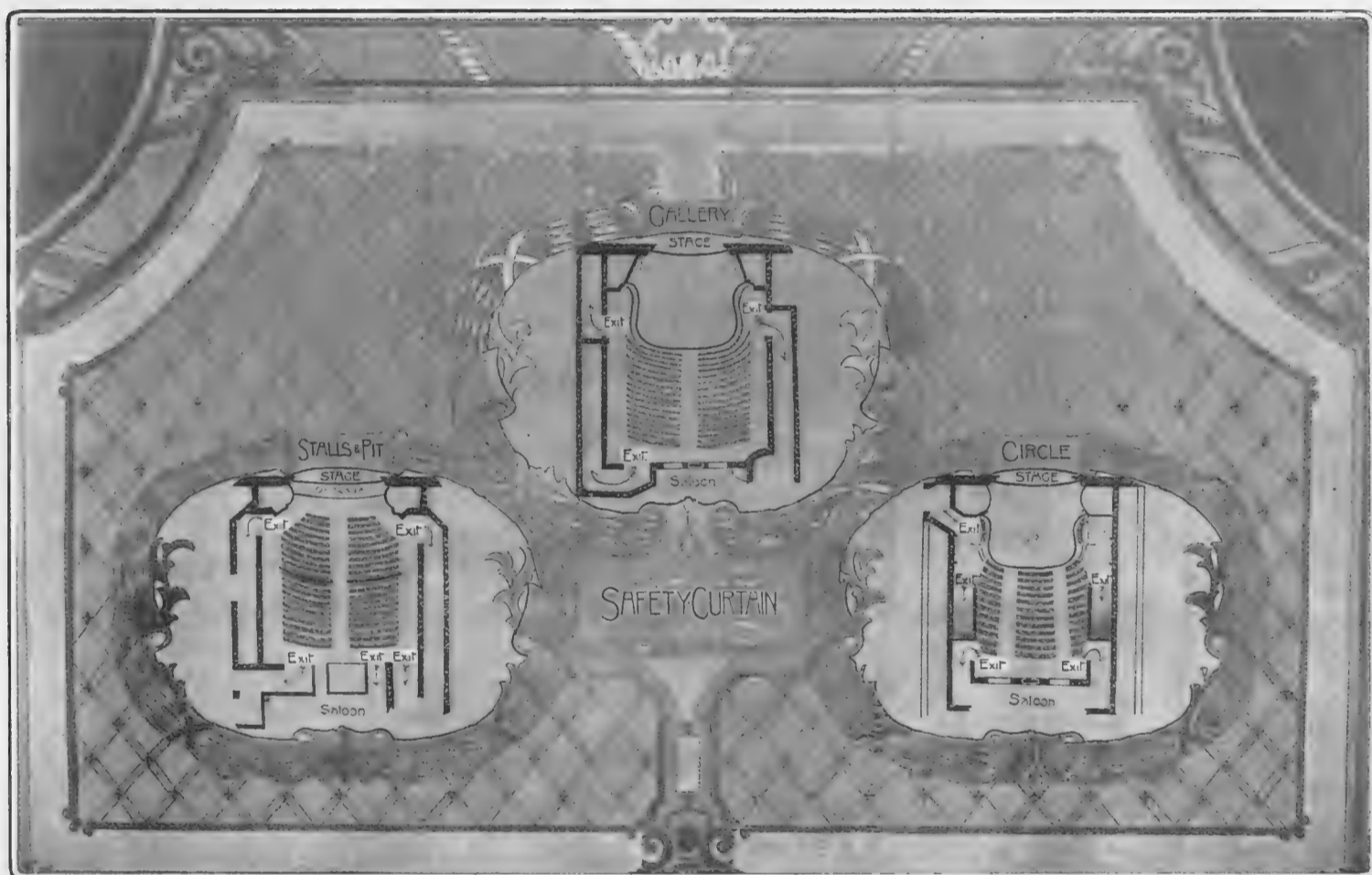


WILL Mr. Pinero call his new play, which is in rehearsal at Wyndham's for production next month, a tragi-comedy, as did some of the dramatists of old? "A Wife Without a Smile" is the title of what is said to be a farcical treatment of a serious domestic subject, a statement which will naturally raise public curiosity to a high pitch, for it is from the presentation of the serious problems of life in an angle—obtuse or acute, according to the position of the spectator—that the highest humour has always been evolved. The conduct of the play is developed by a short cast, for there are only nine people, all told, in it, and at least two of these are quite unimportant. Among the chief members of the Company are Miss Marie Illington, Miss Lettice Fairfax, and Miss Dorothy Grimston, Mr. Dion Boucicault, and Mr. C. M. Lowne. The rehearsals, which are being conducted under Mr. Pinero's own direction, are characterised, if not by the locked doors which were so conspicuous in another

produced in London before very long, and so in due course will "The Serio-Comic Governess," a copyright performance of which was given at the Duke of York's last week, on the same day as it was produced in New York with Miss Cecilia Loftus in the leading part.

And, to pile the Pelion of Promise on the Ossa of Accomplishment, there comes the announcement that Mr. Charles Frohman has arranged with Mr. Zangwill for a new play in which Miss Maude Adams will act. This, however, is not finished, although it has been stated that the title is to be "Jenny." The first impression the name conveys is, naturally, of Rossetti's "lazy, laughing, languid Jenny"; but the first adjective is the very last epithet which could, by any possibility, be applied to Mr. Zangwill's heroine.

Whenever the public mind is greatly moved by an incident, it is sure to be reflected in the traffic of the stage, and it will therefore be curious to see who will produce an Adolf Beck play, for it is



SAFETY IN THEATRES: THE FIREPROOF CURTAIN AT THE KING'S THEATRE, HAMMERSMITH, WITH DIAGRAMS SHOWING THE EXITS FROM ALL PARTS OF THE HOUSE.

Photograph by Hall, Glasshouse Street, W.

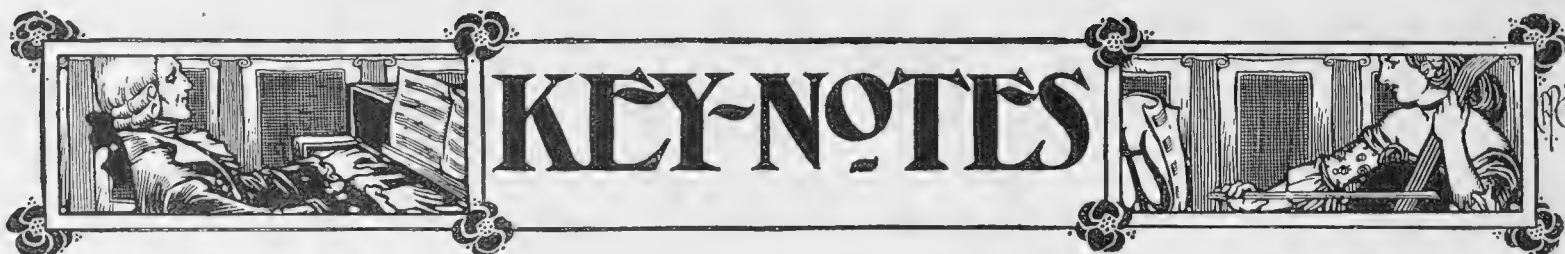
recent production, yet by a certain suggestion of secrecy which will, no doubt, stimulate public interest through the lack of much preliminary information about the play.

The truth of the proverb, "Nothing succeeds like success," has been abundantly verified by Mr. Israel Zangwill, while the cynic might murmur something about the prophet being only without honour in his own country. The managers of the United States, which acclaimed "The Children of the Ghetto," did not, to their credit be it said, wait for London to ratify the favourable verdict on "Merely Mary Ann" before offering commissions to the author, whose first one-Act play, "Six Persons," produced at the Haymarket under Mr. Tree's management, owed a certain inspiration to a phrase of America's most genial humourist, Oliver Wendell Holmes, if a line on the programme may be accepted as evidence.

Had Mr. Zangwill been so minded, the commissions offered to him could have kept him doing nothing but writing plays for years, but he was unwilling to devote himself entirely to the stage. As it was, an important one-Act play, called "The Moment of Death," has been produced on the other side with Mrs. Sarah Cowell-Le Moyne, an actress who had previously made a great reputation as a reciter, in the leading part. It is reasonable to suppose that this play will now be

probable that over no miscarriage of justice has there been so much general excitement since the Dreyfus case gave us "One of the Best" at the Adelphi, and several other melodramas in the provinces. Not that plays dealing with cases of mistaken identity are rare, for has not "The Lyons Mail" been in Sir Henry Irving's repertoire for close on thirty years, and is it not included in the list of pieces he is acting this week at Cardiff during a tour which will, to all intents and purposes, include his farewell to certain towns? Similarly, did not Mr. Beerbohm Tree have "A Man's Shadow" and Mr. Willard another play on mistaken identity, a subject which has been the basis of innumerable melodramas and some farces?

Only two or three weeks ago the question was asked on this page whether we were likely to have a season marked by the presence on the stage of many "ships that pass in the night," following the production of "Beauty and the Barge" and "The Tempest." Justification for that question is already forthcoming, for in the course of a few weeks Mrs. Langtry is to produce a play—written alone, and not in collaboration, as was her last work—the scene of which is laid on a Transatlantic steamer, the incidents, or the initial incident, on which the plot is founded having come under her personal notice.



THE Promenade Concerts at the Queen's Hall have received this season even more than their full measure of popularity, even if the band itself, though under Mr. Henry Wood, has not yet reached any particular height of excellence. This is not the place, of course, in which to discuss the reasons or the results of Mr. Wood's action in connection with his orchestra, but there is no doubt about it that, so far, he has not had artistically so good a season as we have been accustomed to in past years. The present writer is a very great admirer of Mr. Wood, both as an orchestral trainer and as a conductor; but one fears that he has laid himself out for too difficult a task in this case, and one feels absolutely certain that he will never, with his present surroundings, reach the point of beauty and of fineness in interpretation which has so distinguished his orchestral forces in past years.

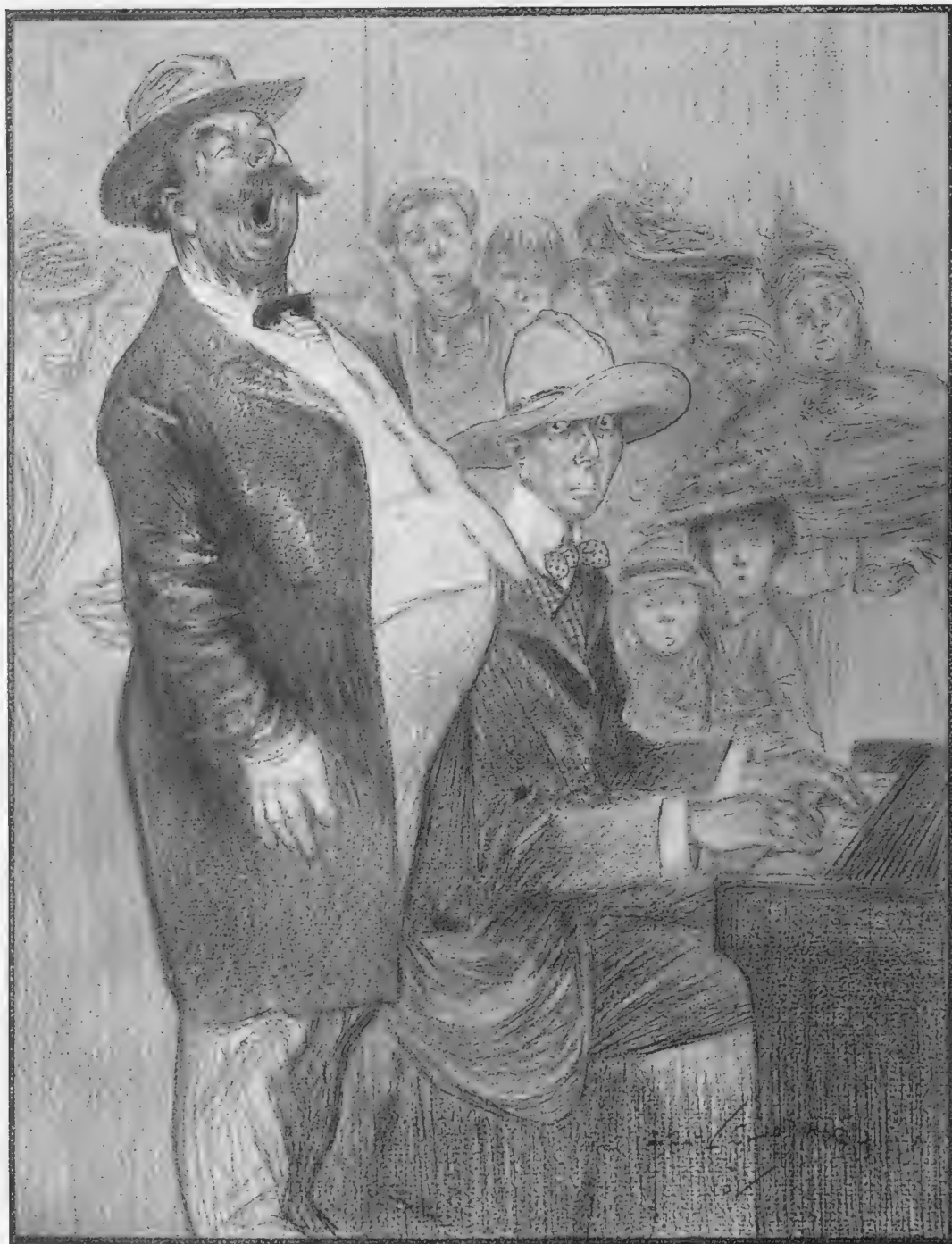
Nevertheless, if Mr. Wood does not care much about a band actually in training, he should really attempt to vary his programmes somewhat. Time after time we listen to the same pieces—for example, Grieg's "Peer Gynt Suite" has been recently given within the space of three days no less than twice. It is all very well for Mr. Wood thus to rehearse his Orchestra, but the public requires a series of varying concerts in which this particular sort of day-by-day

practice should not necessarily appear. Take, again, the Overture to "Tannhäuser." This is a work which every musician knows practically by heart; but Mr. Wood's band must learn to play it according to the true and right ideal; therefore, the Overture has been no stranger in Queen's Hall. Of course, it would be easy to contradict the ideas herein suggested, and one feels fairly sure that Mr. Wood, without any derogation to his splendid position in the world of musical art, is, as it were, breaking in his band cautiously and carefully. Whether many men who are acquainted with music intimately like such a policy or not makes no difference to any practical extent, for the Queen's Hall is admirably attended and the nightly applause is given in no niggardly way.

Mr. Cyril Scott was represented the other evening at one of these concerts by his first Rhapsody (Op. 32) for the Orchestra—a Rhapsody also given for the first time. Mr. Scott is a particularly clever writer of music, but it is impossible to class him exactly at the present moment. Ten years ago, he would have been frankly informed that his work was absolutely out of the question; ten years hence, he *may* be informed that he did well to brave the public and that his work was assured success by his extreme independence of thought. I stand midway between these two extreme opinions. Mr. Scott has definitely determined to discard the past and to make a call upon the future. Now, many musicians have done the same thing, from Mozart to Wagner, from Elgar to Strauss; but this fact remains—Is a musical revolution always destined to success? Mr. Scott seems to have adapted himself neither to the old formalism of music nor to the new. I confess that his work struck me as being singularly incoherent; here and there, there springs up a flower, such as you may see on a summer's day—an occasional buttercup, lying in a bare green field upon an early spring day, and here it is that you seem to recognise a possibility for the musician's future; then there will succeed a mass of sound and fury signifying nothing, which has not even the privilege of baffling you. It is all perfectly intelligible, and yet it does not attain to its end; its promise alone is there to satisfy the hearer that in Mr. Scott there is a composer of no mean gifts.

Under the management of Mr. Hugó Görlitz, Herr Kubelik is to give his only Recital of the present season on Oct. 8, at the Queen's Hall, though what is exactly meant by all these various musical seasons which are constantly being announced it would be difficult to discover. The programme issued from Chappell's Box Office, Queen's Hall, has upon it a portrait of Kubelik of which one would say that he is doing his best to look exactly like Beethoven and dismally failing in the attempt. I speak from the authority of a very old and valuable print of Beethoven in which this fact is made extraordinarily apparent. Mr. Wilhelm Backhaus is to assist Herr Kubelik at his Recital, and the accompanist will be Mr. Ludwig Schwab.

Master Florizel von Reuter is about, it seems, to astonish the natives of Edinburgh somewhere about the middle of October by a Violin Recital. I have received a little document concerning this precocious young musician in which it is stated that "the Sultan of Turkey fell a victim to his charms," "while the lovely Queen of Roumania has so taken him to heart that she calls him her adopted child." Well, well: one trusts that Master von Reuter does not require the victimising of the Sultan of Turkey or the adoption of the "lovely Queen of Roumania" to prove how good a musician he is. Still, one cannot but remember Vecsey as a very much greater fiddler than Florizel von Reuter. COMMON CHORD.



STUDY OF A STREET VOCALIST: BY FRANK CHESWORTH.



*An Expiring Monopoly—New Method of Treating Indiarubber—Flange-Retained Tyres—Reliability Awards—Saltburn Sands.*

ON Friday last expired the Welch patent for pneumatic tyres, and on the 21st of next month will also expire the Bartlett patent, which covers a method of attachment to the rim which particularly concerns the automobilist, as the large majority of pneumatic tyres used on the wheels of automobiles are attached to their rims by this method. Although both these inventions were the result of thought and experiment directed to the improvement of cycle-locomotion, it is certain that the use of the automobile pleasure-carriage itself would be far from the position it occupies at present had not Mr. Bartlett's arrangement of tyre-attachment been sufficiently perfected to allow of its employment on auto-wheels with more or less success. The Welch system, in which the outer rubber cover was retained in the rim by an endless floating inextensible wire placed in a pocket in the edges of the cover, has never been used for automobile purposes on account of the stiffness and strength which would have to be given to the wire to enable it to withstand the enormous pressure of air, some sixty to eighty pounds to the square inch, which has to be pumped into modern motor-tyres. The job of levering so strong and stout a wire over the edges of a rim would be altogether too severe and laborious a task to be contemplated with equanimity. Old cyclists can all recall sufficiently severe struggles with light cycle-tyres of this construction; a fight with an 810 by 100 millimetre motor-tyre would appal the stoutest-hearted among us.

The expiry of these patents and the disappearance of what, in this country at least, has been more or less of a monopoly in inflation-held tyres for road-vehicles prompts the contemplation of the situation brought about by the surcease of the corner. All the world and his aunt may now, as it pleases them, embark on the manufacture and sale of inflation-held pneumatic tyres as hitherto produced in conformity with the two patents I have named. What will be the result? I think there is very little doubt that, in a very short time, we shall find the market flooded with cheap or garret-made tyres, and grief assuredly will sit at the elbow of the unhappy car-owner who, tempted by the demon of cheapness, will, for a saving in first cost, have some of these cheap tyres affixed to his car. The price of raw rubber, always an increasing quantity in these days of growing demand, practically rules the price of tyres, even of those of the best makes; but it must be borne in mind that the skill and method of so treating and manufacturing rubber that it is suitable for and wears well on pneumatic tyres are not widely spread, particularly as possessed and followed in such works as those of Michelin, Dunlop, and the North British Rubber Company. Indeed, the Dunlop Company are at the present moment possessors of a method of dealing with rubber in the course of vulcanisation, known as the "Doughty" process, by which the rubber is compressed in the course of cooking or vulcanisation in the moulds, and which process is claimed to endue it with extraordinary toughness and non-liability to perforation. This process, for sundry reasons, has not as yet been applied to motor-tyres, but, in connection with the production of cycle-tyres, it has brought about the disappearance of the Dunlop Tyre Company's repair department.

Nevertheless, I feel sure that the expiry of the two above-mentioned patents will encourage other large rubber-manufacturing firms in this country, like Messrs. Moseley and Co., of Manchester, and Messrs. Macintosh and Co., and Messrs. Bates, Limited, of Leicester, to take a hand in the pneumatic motor-tyre business, so that we may expect to purchase good motor-tyres in this country somewhere round about the

price at which they can be obtained at the present moment on the Continent. But, personally, I do not expect to see the purely inflation-held tyre—that is to say, the tyre made on the "Clincher" lines—continue to hold the entire field. I am inclined to the opinion that the future is with a flange-retained tyre, which can be positively and safely detached and attached by even the most unhandy, who otherwise would be certain to nip inner tubes or blunder in some other way. As an example of the class of tyre I think will largely win its way into public favour, I would cite the "Fisk" tyre, which is sold on the well-known Oldsmobile cars by Messrs. Jarrott and Letts, of 45, Great Marlborough Street, Regent Street, W. It is not possible to describe this method of tyre-retention in detail without diagrams, but it will be enough to whet curiosity if I say that detachment and attachment of the outer cover are absolutely simple and no nipping or other interference with the inner tube can possibly take place. The rubber, too, of which the "Fisk" tyres are made is beyond reproach.

I do not propose to labour the matter of the Small-Car Reliability Trials further in these columns, save that, for those who may rely upon *The Sketch* alone for their motoring information, I chronicle the medal awards. A gold medal goes to the Wolseley Tool and Motor Company for the general excellence of design, construction, workmanship, and hill-climbing of the two cars they entered. The Siddeley car, which is also a Wolseley, takes another gold medal. To the Swift cars, Nos. 14 and 26, is awarded a gold medal for general excellence of construction, workmanship, hill-climbing, and, above all, "smoothness of running," which is an unparalleled attribute from an English motorist's point of view, and which, from having ridden over a hundred miles on one of the cars, I can most heartily endorse. The qualification "smoothness of running" is only mentioned in connection with one other car—one taking a silver medal—and when to all the good qualities ascribed to the other gold-medal-taking cars is added "smoothness of running," the award most undoubtedly places the two Swift cars at the top of the tree. Silver medals go to the Humber, De Dion, and Alldays cars, while the Speedwell, Brown, Star, Oldsmobile, Prosper, Lambert, and Croxted take bronzes. The 7 horse-

power Swift is given the only car in the first grade in order of merit for vibration and noises, while it is included among the first-grade cars in ease of manipulation and comfort of passengers. It is third in hill-climbing order of merit, in second grade in the matter of brakes, and second in petrol economy. A very fine record.

We learn that that most able and energetic worker, Mr. Claude Johnson, whose grandly organised work in connection with the Automobile Club the present-day officials can only follow, is about to become a Director of Messrs Rolls and Co., Limited, and is at the present moment Joint-Manager with the Hon. C. S. Rolls.

My reference to the possibility of holding automobile-races on the sands at Saltburn-by-the-Sea has drawn a communication from a well-known resident thereat, who assures me that, for the whole distance of five miles or so over which the sands would be available, they are as hard as it is possible for sand to be, pretty well as level as a billiard-table, dry, and absolutely clean. At a few places there are small boulders projecting from the surface, but they are so few that half-a-dozen men could clear them away in two days. The sands continue beyond Redcar towards Teesmouth for another five miles, but there they are soft and spongy.



MISS PRUDENCE BOURCHIER, DAUGHTER OF MR. AND MRS. ARTHUR BOURCHIER, ON HER 16 H.P. DE DIETRICH CAR.

*Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.*

# THE WORLD OF SPORT

*The Autumn Handicaps—Manchester—Jockeys—Hay and Corn Stakes.*

THERE has not been much betting over the Cesarewitch, and the market is hardly likely to be a reliable one until after the decision of the Duke of York Stakes. Wood Pigeon, termed by some a flat-catcher, is out in the cold, and I think she is very moderate and I doubt if she can stay a yard over a mile. Rondeau

The fight for the premiership in the jockey world will be a very severe one. I still think that Madden will come out on top, as he is a resolute rider and is in a position to choose his mounts. True, Willie Lane is riding very well just now and Gilpin's horses are in great form, but it should be remembered that he has to ride the bad ones as well as the good ones. Undoubtedly, the best all-round jockey in England at the present time is Maher, who is never caught napping in a race. He always rides to win, even after the position appears to be hopeless to the spectators. Maher has a keen eye, good hands, and capital judgment. I think it is a very great pity that more of the large stables—the fashionable stables, I mean—do not avail themselves of his services, as I am sure he is the best jockey we have to handle uncertain horses. I am told that Lester Reiff will be riding in England next season, and there is a rumour that Tod Sloan may get a licence to ride in this country. I hope both will be with us, as they are real artists in the saddle and we have a lot to thank them for. Reiff and Sloan taught English jockeys that races should be run through from end to end. They also gave our Knights of the Pigskin one or two object-lessons in perseverance.

This is the season of the year when horses are sent out to earn the Hay and Corn Stakes for the winter months. As a consequence, we often see many startling revolutions in form and followers of the book generally come badly undone. I often wonder that the handicappers do not report to the Stewards of the Jockey Club horses that show lightning improvement in their running. If this were generally done, it would do a lot of good to those owners who always run straight and who order their horses to be run out for the benefit of their place-backers. By-the-bye, I could never see why a jockey should be warned off for preventing a horse from winning outright while he would be commended in some cases by his owner for preventing the same horse from getting a place directly he found that the animal could not win. There would be a lot more place-betting on the big races if all the horses were to be run out. As it is, the innocent backer of a horse for a place does not, actually speaking, get a run for his money in one race out of three. This should not be. Further, it is deceiving the handicappers when horses that could get placed are pulled short up within, say, fifty yards of the winning-post.

CAPTAIN COE.



THE REVIVAL OF COACHING: THE "ACTIVE" (OWNED AND DRIVEN BY MAJOR R. L. ASPINALL, D.S.O.) AT THE FOOT OF DOVER HILL.

has been doing good work. She is said to be streets in front of Colonel Wozac. If so, she will very nearly win. Blackwell is admitted to be one of the best trainers of stayers at headquarters and he knows just what is required to win this race. Of the Netheravon horses I like Lord Rossmore best, despite his welter weight. Anyway, win or lose, I know him to be a good horse. The Cambridgeshire will evoke plenty of speculation presently; but, as I have said before, those who wait until the day of the race and then back the favourite are very likely to have much the best of the argument. Delaunay, who has won five races off the reel this year, is very likely to start, and, what is more, he might easily be first favourite, as report had it that as a two-year-old he was within 5 lb. of Pretty Polly. The hope of the North is Barquette, who cut up so indifferently in the race for the Lincoln Handicap, and, after that, ran fourth for the Oaks—not very enticing form, by-the-bye.

I am sorry that the new Manchester Meeting has not "caught on" better with owners. The management is run on up-to-date lines and liberal prizes are offered, but, somehow, fields are below the average of New Barns, and it may be that the new track is not liked. Luckily for the shareholders, the Manchester people continue to flock to the course in their thousands as of yore, and they appear to be satisfied with the form of entertainment. The Michaelmas Plate, for two-year-olds, will not attract anything of the top class, and the race looks to rest between Rievaulx and Lancaster Gate, the last-named one of the biggest two-year-olds in training. The chief dish of the meeting will, of course, be the Prince Edward Handicap, one mile and a quarter, to be run on Saturday. Roe O'Neill has had a special preparation for the race, and, if he will give his best running, he should go very close. A street-corner tip for the race is Kirkby, who has only 6 st. to carry. This horse belongs to Lord Marcus Beresford, who, by-the-bye, is Manager of the Club and is a Steward of the meeting. Kirkby ran fifth to Donnetta and Caravel for the Doncaster Handicap. The colt is well bred, by Royal Hampton—Mrs. Butterwick, and is very likely to get a place; but for the actual winner I shall plump for Thunderbolt, who has won several races this year and is one of the most improved horses in training. He has only 7 st. 10 lb. to carry.



SOMERSET V. MIDDLESEX: BRAUND IN THE ACT OF MESMERISING TROTT.

Photograph by Thiele and Co., Chancery Lane.

## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

IT may be said that with mid-September striking the hour, seaside seasons at home and abroad are brought to the final flutter. Curiously enough, English watering-places where the sun is but at half-strength prolong their holiday-making a little longer than those abroad, where the curtain is rung down, the chef dismissed, the civil concierge departed, and the gay boutique of the season dressmaker shut down on the very morning of *le quinze Septembre*. The little horses then take their long rest until next autumn, and baccarat is no more for nine months, with occasional short interludes at Easter and Whitsun. For gambling *pur et simple* Dieppe holds the palm of other northern watering-places this season. Trouville lasts a little while only, and the fun, though fast, is soon over; but Dieppe receives all the sporting fraternity at one time or another, and record banks have won and lost record stakes within the past six or eight weeks. Personally, one has received cheap object-lessons in seeing how a tenth share in a hundred-louis bank, *par exemple*, can dwindle into nothingness in fifteen little minutes. But this is a trifle to the costly experiences of one's friends and enemies, who daily dissolve hundreds of pounds sterling in the interval between tiffin and dinner without turning the historic hair. Even bridge goes by the board while the fever of the Casino is in the blood and is left to await the autumn afternoons at home.

A run of under three hours to Paris was repaid by the early view of some ineffable frocks in which changing colours, otherwise shaded effects, were very noticeable. Velvet was lavishly used, many costumes being entirely composed of panne and miroir and mousseline velours, and other modern improvements and versions of that unapproachable

is a bold and unfamiliar colour in itself, but when worn by a woman with bright hair and clear complexion can be quite wonderfully becoming and undeniably *chic*. Picture-hats are prophesied for the Parisiennes when they return next month to "La Ville Lumière," which



DARK-BLUE VOILE AND LACE.



[Copyright.]

A RECEPTION-GOWN.

will be for them a distinct departure, the Romney, Gainsborough, and other decorative designs having been severely left alone as more suited to English outline heretofore. This autumn, however, Parisiennes have decided to wear velvet gowns, historical hats, antique jewellery, and, in fact, to be "picturesque." That they will carry the notion through successfully no one knowing the daughters of France—even modern, degenerate France—can for one instant doubt.

Returning townwards after pleasant holidays far afield, people bring, amongst other agreeable souvenirs of departed summer days, distinctly improved complexions. The rosy bloom of health and the pink colour of "perfect condition" are everywhere apparent, and one is astonished how nice and youthful and attractive Maud or Ethel or Joan can look after eight weeks of sea or moor or spa. Sad to relate, however, these evanescent charms soon fade and pale in the airless air of towns, and, unless care is given to preserve that much-admired freshness of appearance, it soon fades away under the smoky influence of a city atmosphere. Here, therefore, it is that the ministrations of that admirable Mrs. Pomeroy can be made so invaluable. In her "Book of Beauty Rules," which can be had on application at 29, Old Bond Street, many hints are contained which, if followed, will bring rich reward, while the Pomeroy "Skin Food," it may be added, is a panacea for almost every ill the skin is heir to. The purity of its ingredients is unquestionable and the advantages of its use are obvious and immediate.

Novelties in jewellery are being constantly introduced by the ever-enterprising Parisian Diamond Company, and in the illustration overleaf some especially graceful trifles are introduced, which, though less unrestrained than the exuberant chains and lockets in

material. Dahlia shades are in high favour, and extremely charming combinations of the pink mauves, red purples, and blue reds which are seen in those richly hued blossoms are largely used in various daring combinations. The newest outdoor cloth frocks are done in shades of brilliant tan—not brown or buff or fawn, but just tan—which

which "The Chevaleer" delights at the Garrick, will recommend their merits to another audience exceedingly well. There is a graceful diamond aigrette for the hair, a dainty peacock-feather brooch, and a charming version of the ever-acceptable and becoming pearl collar amongst the rest. The Parisian Diamond Company continues to leave all competitors behind by reason of the oft-vaunted beauty and originality of its productions.

Apropos of the Garrick play, it is now being played later—at a quarter to nine—and leisurely diners who object to being hurried over their courses, yet love a laugh at the end, can now gratify both tastes by a visit to "The Chevaleer," which is full of absurd situations and in which Arthur Bouchier is at his best. Miss Vanbrugh's gowns are variously charming, but the pink velvet worn in the second Act is a sartorial achievement.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

COUNTRYMAID (Hereford).—(1) They are all good in Dover Street and all charge more or less high prices; but, then, you get the equivalent in style and material. (2) What will exactly answer your purpose is to be found in the new disinfectant, "Izal," which is the most perfect deodoriser I know and answers a dozen everyday needs in every household.

BETTY (Riffel Alp). You should contrive to return by way of Paris, where the shop-windows and salons will answer your questions very fully. Most of the fashions are, of course, declared by now. (2) You will, no doubt, also see the wisdom of consulting a dentist on your return, but for the daily uses of life a new tooth-powder brought out by John Bell, of 225, Oxford Street, spells perfection amongst many dentifrices. I do not know its name, but it is sold in large blue tin boxes, and is already famous as "John Bell's Tooth Powder." (3) To succeed with your Alpine Garden you would want the proper soil. A good gardener can do much by mixing, but I have found it answer best to bring a bag of the native soil home. The flowers then last quite three or four years, and the hardier sorts longer. SYBIL.

In olden days a journey to Ireland was an almost unthinkable thing to most people, for only the official classes and the landed gentry and aristocracy of the Green Isle cared to brave the chops and changes of the Irish Channel. Now, however, all this is changed and a trip to and through Ireland is accounted one of the most pleasant ways of spending a holiday. This is owing in great measure to the enterprise of the Great Western Railway Company, which each year carries an increasing number of passengers by its luxurious trains and fine steamers. The Company also issues a series of booklets describing and illustrating the beauties of the numberless attractive resorts available by its system, one of the best of these being "Southern Ireland: Its Lakes and Landscapes." This contains over a hundred pages of well-written matter, profusely illustrated with beautifully printed reproductions of photographs and prints, and, in addition, a large map of Southern Ireland and ample information as to train, boat, and car service, coaching tours, and other arrangements.

#### A PRETTY WEDDING.

One of the prettiest of recent weddings was that of Miss Bessie Florence Cory, daughter of the late Mr. Richard Cory, of Langdon Court, Devon, to Captain Owen Hassall, of the Royal Warwickshire Regiment. The ceremony, which took place at St. Werburgh's Church, Wembury, on the 15th inst., in the presence of a large number of relatives and friends of the bride and bridegroom, was fully choral, the choir of St. Andrew's Church, Plymouth, supplying the vocal music, while the string band of the 2nd Battalion of the Royal Warwicks rendered the instrumental portion. Warrant Officers,

Staff Sergeants, and Sergeants of the bridegroom's regiment and the Military Prison Staff Corps lined the aisle. A reception was afterwards held at South Wembury House, the residence of the bride's mother, and later on Captain and Mrs. Hassall started for the Continent, to spend the honeymoon in Holland, Belgium, and Germany. The presents were numerous and included a silver tea-kettle and spirit-lamp from the officers of the 2nd Royal Warwicks.

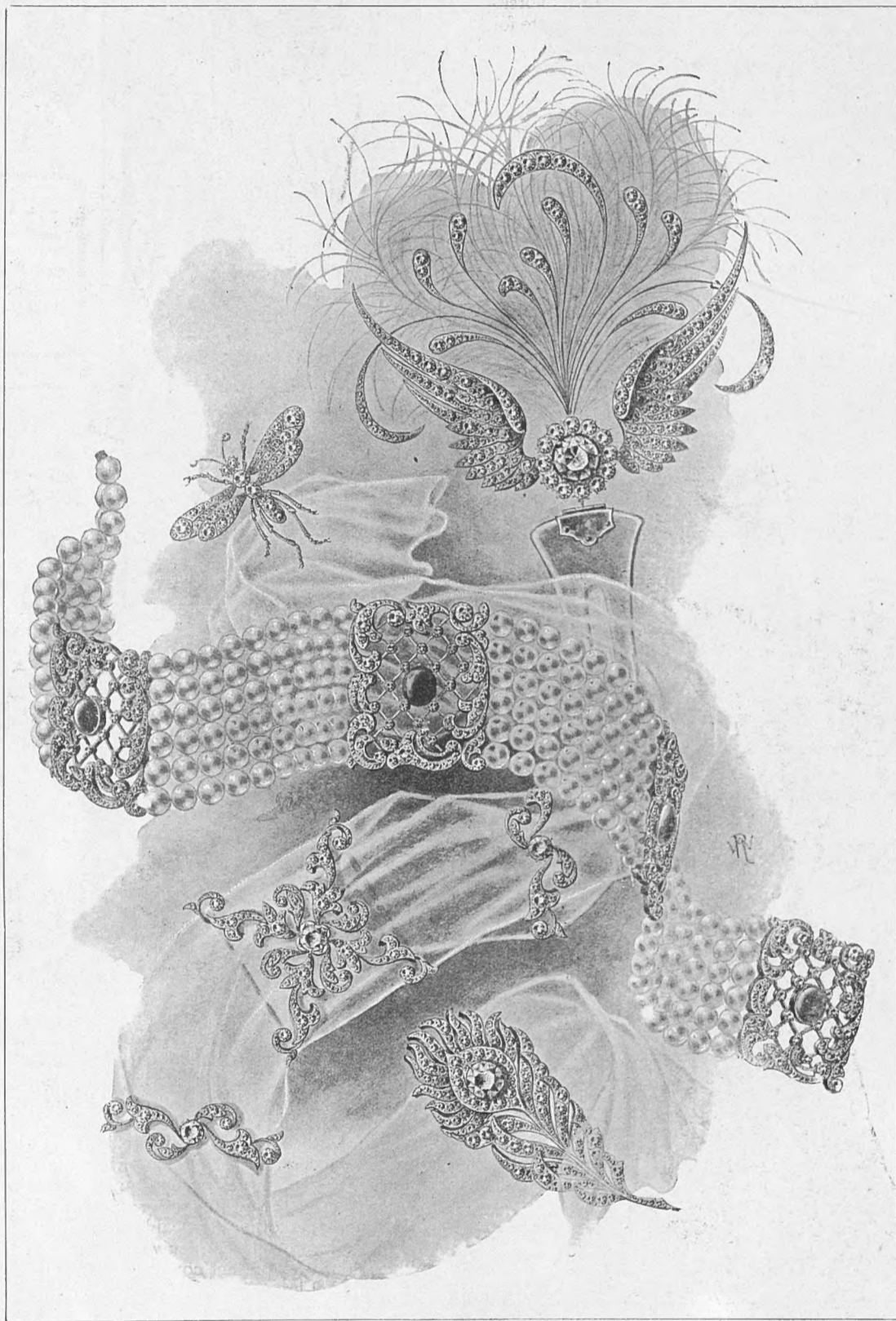
The portrait of Mrs. Brown-Potter as Calypso in our last week's supplement was taken by Lallie Charles, of Titchfield Road, N.W.

In connection with the unveiling of Milton's statue at Cripplegate on Nov. 2 by Lady Alix Egerton, daughter of the Earl of Ellesmere, at which it is understood that Lord Rosebery is to make a speech, the Governors of the Cripplegate Institute have arranged with Mr. Philip Carr, the President of the Mermaid Society for the Production of Old English Plays, that a performance of "Comus" by the Society shall be given at the Institute on the afternoon of that day.

For the Wye Steeplechases on

Monday (Sept. 26) the South-Eastern and Chatham Railway Company will run a number of special trains from London and the principal stations on their system. A first-class train (return day fare eleven shillings) will leave Charing Cross at 12 (noon), calling at Waterloo and London Bridge, while a third-class train (return day fare seven shillings) departs from Charing Cross at 11.36 a.m., calling at the same stations and at New Cross. The above fares include admission to the course.

Mr. H. A. Doubleday, who resigned his active work with Messrs. Archibald Constable and Co. to join in the editorship of the "Victoria History of the Counties of England," has resigned the latter post, and the book will now be edited by Mr. William Page. The staff of research workers has been more than doubled and the scheme is being advanced in all departments.



NEW DESIGNS BY THE PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY.

## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on Sept. 27.*

## SPEAKING GENERALLY.

INVESTMENT business, while by no means what it ought to be, has begun to make its appearance again in the markets, but speculation in Mining shares is still as moribund as ever. The splendid position of strength that is now occupied by the Bank of England encourages the hope that we shall be able to get through the autumn without a rise in the Rate, although the unsettlement of foreign politics plays a part in the Money Market whose effect cannot be estimated with any degree of precision. It is rather anomalous that the ease of Lombard Street and the strong showing of the Bank of England should fail to impart any real stimulus to the prices of Consols and other Capel Court specialities. Home Rails are benefitting more from the abundance of money than the more gilt-edged sections. It may be parenthetically noted that Johannesburg Fours and Sierra Leone Convertible Bonds have both proved themselves worthy of the advice to buy which was given in these pages a month or two ago. Colonials of all kinds are being absorbed, and the investment inquiry for high-class American Railroad Bonds is a noteworthy feature in the Yankee Market. The investor is again making himself felt as a force in the land, whereas the speculator remains merely mute.

We have to thank the courtesy of the Oceana Company for permission to reproduce our illustration.

## IN THE HOME RAILWAY MARKET.

To challenge the statement that the rise in Home Railway stocks is due to professional operations would be very pleasant, but it would hopelessly misrepresent the actual state of affairs. For some time past, the jobbers in Home Rails have been content to run as small books as they could; they were generally able to buy when they wanted to do so, but found more difficulty in realising, so they naturally displayed no eagerness to lay in stock. Now, however, the public begin to show a mind to buy Home Rails, and the jobbers prudently closed their bears and went round on the other tack. Though the traffics for the current half-year are not particularly satisfying, prices for the popular stocks have dropped to a range of values at which 4 per cent. can readily be obtained even from the best Home Railway Ordinary issues. Money being cheap and possessing a possibility of becoming still cheaper, the various financial houses have begun to pick up the stocks, and their action is concomitant with the slender public demand which apprised the bears that it was time for them to seek cover. Should the Bank Rate drop to  $3\frac{1}{2}$  or 3 per cent., which, of course, means only 2 or  $1\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. for deposit-money, there would be a strong movement towards the best kind of Home Rails, which have been neglected for months past by the general body of the investing public. If the Companies are not doing brilliantly in the way of traffics, it is, no doubt, the case that strenuous efforts continue to be made in the way of economical working, and the decreases published so far by the leading lines need not be regarded too seriously. The "Heavy" stocks deserve more attention than the speculative varieties, and an extension of the bull movement in North-Western, Great Western, and North-Eastern is more than possible.

## ELECTRIFICATION.

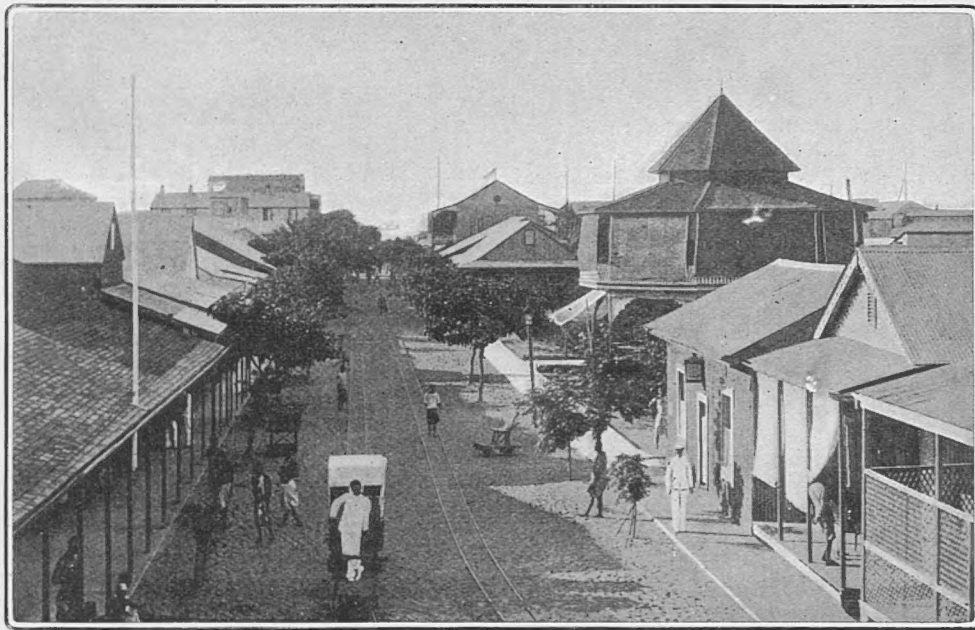
That City and South London Railway stock was unduly depressed at 39 has been generally recognised now that the price is nearer 46 again, and the market for the stock looks almost as good as, three months ago, it looked thoroughly bad. There are reasonable grounds for supposing that the price will recover to 50, at any rate, since the position of the Company would seem to justify such a quotation for its Ordinary stock, but the narrowness of the market causes City and South London to be shunned by those investors who like to have their money in stocks which are readily negotiable at close margins between the buying and the selling prices. All the Electrical Railway securities suffer from the same disability as regards limitation of market. It may be because such stocks are not "everybody's money"; it may be because there still remains a fairly large amount of stock weakly held;

but it is a fact that the seller often considers himself badly used when he comes to deal, and consequently eschews the market for ever after, bidding his friends to do likewise.

One noticeable feature in this section is the steady recovery which Great Northern and City Preferred "A" shares are making. From £4 the price has risen to £5, and this is still only one-half of the nominal value of the shares. The Company started so inauspiciously that the public naturally left its securities very largely in the hands of the promoters, but now that the line shows signs of doing better the speculative investor is buying these Preferred "A" shares, the price of which may easily be raised to 6. District Ordinary has a hard struggle to get up to 40, but will, no doubt, reach it in time, when holders might consider the propriety of selling. A much better stock is Metropolitan Consolidated, which has lost some of its recent rise, upon natural profit-taking. In this case we should set the probable quotation at par as likely to be touched within the next six months. The progress of the District electrification is, of course, responsible for the dulness of Central London, the Ordinary and Deferred stocks being the two most susceptible to the apprehensions of what may happen when the "sewer" becomes fully electrified. It is only necessary to travel on the District Railway for a few days to realise the immense amount of money that is being spent on the enterprise, and manifestly the most strenuous efforts will be made to put the District on its legs again when the proper time comes. But until some of the water is squeezed out of the capital, it is difficult to see how the line can ever be made to pay even a moderate 3 per cent. Waterloo and City stock has slipped back into a limbo of forgetfulness. The investor can obtain so many first-class 3 per cent. stocks at or about 90 that there is little attraction for him in a Railway stock which seems to be fairly tied to dividends of 3 or, at the most,  $3\frac{1}{4}$  per cent.

## AMERICA: CENTRAL AND SOUTH.

Judging by the way in which the prices of the lower-priced Central and South American Government Bonds have been ascending, it might almost be thought that a wave of sudden righteousness were sweeping over some of those corrupt Republics whose principal idea in contracting a loan seems to be to default in interest payment as quickly as they can. Even Venezuela is said to be on the point of attempting to meet her lawful obligations, while Costa Rica and Colombia bonds are being bought upon the report that the Panama



BEIRA: A STREET SCENE.

Canal business will allow those countries to come to some arrangement with the bondholders by which the latter are likely to derive benefit! This being the state of rumoured affairs, it is not astonishing that speculation should have gone a step beyond, and bought Uruguay bonds, which are a gambling kind of investment, subject to the shocks of intermittent rebellion against whomsoever happens to be the reigning authority. The latest insurrection seems to have passed off comparatively peacefully, and those who don't mind running risks so long as they can obtain 6 or 7 per cent. on their money can buy Uruguay Fives with a fair prospect of seeing the price improve.

Argentine Government Bonds are well maintained by Paris, where the reverses to the Russians have evoked a remarkable non-chalance, so far as financial effects are concerned, and the Frenchmen are buying Brazilian Loans, with the result that the market in both Argentine and Brazilian Bonds is as hard as is that for Russian Fours themselves.

## RHODESIANS IN REVIVAL.

Following upon the rise in Rhodesia Explorations and Lomagundas, there has come a general looking-round in this market to see what other shares might by any possibility be affected by the banquet discovery. Therefore we have the spectacle afforded us of sundry all-but-forgotten Rhodesian shares being dragged into the light of day, and we are begged to buy this, that, and the other because the shares are bound to rise along with the two which have attracted most of the recent attention. In the first place, we are by no means certain that these two last-named will go much better. It is said that Christians are selling, while the Chosen Race is buying, and that, accordingly, an improvement in the price thereby becomes inevitable. The argument pays a proper tribute to the shrewdness of the Jews, but, inasmuch

as Rhodesia Explorations have more than doubled their price since the lowest level reached this year, and upon a reason which has yet to be demonstrated as very valuable, we must own to a certain amount of scepticism about the course of the market being so aspiring as some seem to imagine it will continue to be. With regard to the lower-priced shares—excluding the Copper Companies from our immediate attention—the lack of money is an important element in the situation and one which is singularly liable to be ignored while the market happens to be firmer. Too many of the concerns are on the verge of insolvency. Those undertakings which for a while did fairly well out of their low-grade ore have latterly found the costs so much increased by the lack of labour and the other disabilities left in the train of the Boer War as to render the working of the mines at a profit practically impossible. Amalgamation and reconstruction must be the early fate of several well-known Rhodesian Companies, while the less familiar will be swept into a similar net. The output of gold from the Colony is as good as individual results are disappointing, and, after due survey of the Rhodesian Market, we are unable to see any reason for endorsing the advice of those who are so keen upon counselling a purchase of shares.

#### FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"Well," remarked The Jobber, as he looked round the compartment, "it isn't often we meet like this on the way home."

"Some of us have work to do, as a rule," was The Broker's lofty reply.

"Sorry to see you are so slack," The Engineer observed. "Is there nothing doing?"

"Not much. The only markets where there's anything going on are—"

"The Kaffir, the Rhodesian, and the Deep-Level," concluded The Jobber, as regardless of truth as a certain jackdaw was of grammar.

The Engineer turned inquiringly to The Broker, who answered—

"Every driver beats his own donkey. He's never happy unless he's crying up Kaffirs."

"But where is this business you were going to tell us about?" persisted The Engineer. "Yankees, I suppose, and—"

"And Trunks and Foreign Rails, specially the Argentine things."

"I believe it's still right to be a bull of Yankees," and The Merchant spoke with strong conviction.

"But, my dear sir," exclaimed The Banker, "consider the rise they have already enjoyed!"

"I know it; I know it," repeated The Merchant, almost bitterly. "I ought to have bought myself Southern and Eries six weeks ago, and now—"

"All right, old fellow; don't cry," said The Jobber, consolingly. "None of us other men are going to weep, although we are equally unfortunate. Unless you—?" and he glared at The City Editor.

That imperturbable worthy shook his head. "I don't gamble," he said. "I don't think it—"

"Oh, yes, we've heard all that before," The Jobber rudely told him. "We don't go up to the City to learn how to be honest—"

A shout of laughter warned him of the false step. Like a wise man, he refrained from attempting explanations.

"I believe we were discussing Yankees," he observed, blandly, when The Broker had finished an exaggerated wiping of his eyes. "I quite agree with the gentlemen who say the rise isn't over yet."

"I don't mind admitting I am taking a few home," confessed The Merchant.

"So am I," and The Engineer smiled with the content of a man who is a bull at lower prices.

"And I suppose you are, Brokie?" inquired The Jobber, carelessly tapping the window with the strap.

"As I was saying," The Broker replied, a little hurriedly, "as I was saying, the Trunk and the Argentine Railway Markets are the only others where there is any business on foot."

"What Yankees did you buy yourself, Brokie?" The Jobber demanded.

"And Trunks," continued the House man, "look to me quite high enough."

"The First Preference will get its dividend next March, do you not think?" The Banker asked.

"It seems to me highly doubtful," affirmed The Broker. "I don't suppose the Firsts will go much lower in the present temper of the market, but, all the same, I should prefer—"

"Readings and Steel Preference, Brokie?" his tormentor went on.

"Some other good 5 per cent. investment if I were thinking of a purchase."

"There's Central London Deferred will return 5 per cent.," suggested The Merchant.

"I think the price is fairly cheap," The Engineer agreed. "This District competition scare is being overdone."

"Nevertheless," said The Banker, "when the electrification of the District Railway is concluded, will not the Central London suffer in its receipts?"

"That's precisely what we all want to know," The Engineer replied. "Possibly for a few months it may affect the traffics, but there is ample room for both lines."

"Central London stocks might decline in the interim?" The Banker urged.

"Oh, certainly!" was the response. "Although I think that

Twopenny Tube Deferred is pretty sure to get a regular 4 per cent., and at 80—"

"Is that all the price is now?"

"Let me see," and The Engineer scanned his paper. "My stupid paper doesn't quote them, but I believe that 80 is about the figure."

"Which means 5 per cent. on the money," added The Broker.

"Much about the same as Consolidated Bultfontein pay," The Jobber put in. "Capital investment, Con. Bulls."

"You always are bullish," The Merchant accused him.

"No, sir. There, I think, you wrong me. Now, I shouldn't advise a purchase of Rhodesia Explorations or Lomagundas."

"Not?"

"The market is far too much in the hands of cliques to suit my catholic taste. I like something where you can depend upon free dealings even in an out-and-out panic."

"How about selling a bear of Rhodesias?" asked The Engineer.

"There you are on dangerous ground, although I fancy it would turn out fruitful."

"How poetical!" murmured The Broker.

"By the way," cried The Engineer, "that tip about Rio Tinto has come off with a vengeance. I made quite a lot of money over it."

The Broker tried to look as though he wanted the others not to think he was looking self-satisfied.

"Much too hot-stuff for me, that Rio market," The Merchant complained, shaking his head.

"I think the time has come," averred The Broker, "for the bull to take his profits and let somebody else have a chance."

"Buy me a hundred Anacondas in the morning, will you?" asked The Engineer. "I may not see you, and I have had the straight tip that the shares are going better."

All the others stared at him, and the City Editor made pencil-notes on his paper. The Jobber noticed it.

"Aha, Caesar's wife!" he exclaimed. "I thought that everything said in this carriage was absolutely private? I bet a fiver that we shall see Anacondas puffed in your rag to-morrow."

"I take your bet," replied The City Editor. "We can square up the day after to-morrow, eh?"

The laugh was against the Jobber again.

"Smile away," he serenely returned. "I admit it was a silly bet, and I deserve to be picked up. No more lunches for me this year."

"You'll have to come with me every day," said The City Editor, jovially, and the two, bidding "Good-night" to the others, strolled down the platform arm-in-arm, just as though they were brothers.

Saturday, Sept. 17, 1904.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

A. W. W.—The price of the shares has improved since we wrote. You will probably have to pay 3½ or 3¼ for them now, at which we consider them still cheap.

C. D. E. U.—Your enclosure has been handed to the Editor. It has nothing to do with finance.

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ONE THOUSAND POUNDS will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of any person killed by an accident to the train in which the deceased was an ordinary ticket-bearing passenger, and who at the time of such accident had upon his person, or had left at home, this ticket, attached or detached, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil, on the space provided below, which is the essence of this contract.

PROVIDED ALSO that the said sum will be paid to the legal representative of such person injured should death result from such accident within three calendar months thereafter.

This Insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of and is subject to the conditions of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1890, Risks Nos. 2 and 3.

The purchase of this publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sec. 34 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal or of the said Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Ticket in respect of the same risk.

Sept. 21, 1904.

Signature.....